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SELECTIONS



HARPER'S EDUCATIONAL SERIES

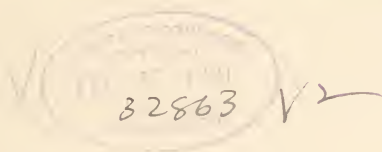
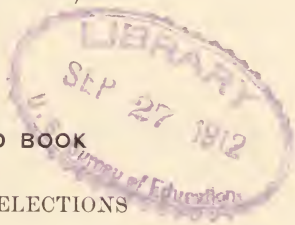
HARPER'S
SCHOOL SPEAKER

BY

JAMES BALDWIN, PH.D.

SECOND BOOK

GRADED SELECTIONS



NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTION.

IN most of the best schools the old-fashioned custom of speaking pieces, so popular a generation ago, still survives; nor, in the general introduction of reformed methods of instruction, is it probable that it will soon be displaced from the common-school curriculum. It is a custom, however, which has been much abused not only by its enemies but by its friends; for, through ignorance of the ends to be attained by its practice, no less than of the means through which alone such ends can be reached, it has not infrequently led to harmful rather than to beneficial results. As a consequence, many teachers regard the practice with disfavor, and their pupils engage in it with reluctance and dislike. Briefly stated, the purposes which should be sought are: (1) The pleasant entertainment of both speaker and listeners. (2) The healthy stimulation of the imagination, a factor always active in the minds of children. (3) The cultivation of a correct literary taste. (4) The strengthening of the moral instincts and impulses by implanting in the mind the memory of good thoughts and of worthy deeds. (5) The improvement of the intellect through the presentation of subjects which awaken inquiry or lead directly to an increase of knowledge. (6) The incidental advancement of the pupils in the arts of reading and elocution.

The selections embraced in this volume have been chosen with reference to the attainment of these purposes. Some of them are old-time favorites which are always new to the young

people who learn them or listen to them ; others appear now for the first time in a collection of this character. Recognizing the fact that it is not by rules, but by the persistent and judicious doing of things, that children learn best how to do, these selections are presented without comment and without those elocutionary accessories which too often, in books of this kind, serve only to darken and make difficult rather than render easy and delightful.

A few rules, judiciously observed, may be of assistance to teachers : (1) The selection should generally be chosen by the teacher, and always with reference to the abilities and the tastes of the pupils. (2) Choose only the best models. Present to the pupils' conception good language, pure thoughts, noble ideals. Let them learn these things by mental contact with them rather than by abstract moralization upon them. (3) Make the performance of these exercises attractive. The memorizing and speaking of a piece should be regarded as an honor to be sought, and not as a task to be feared and shunned. (4) Ample time should be given for memorizing, and care should be taken not to require of any pupil more than he is able to perform creditably. (5) No pupil should be expected to speak before the public or in the presence of the school until he has rehearsed his speech in private, and has been properly instructed by his teacher in whatever is necessary to its proper delivery.

The only rules necessary to be given to the speaker are : (1) Make yourself heard and understood. (2) Try to enter into sympathy with the thoughts expressed in the selection. (3) Avoid unnaturalness of tone or manner.

Acknowledgments are due to the many authors who have kindly permitted the use, in this volume, of selections from their works ; also to the Century Company for selections from *St. Nicholas*, and to Messrs. Roberts Brothers for selections from the poems of Louisa M. Alcott.

I.—FOR FIRST READER PUPILS.

*LISTEN, my boy ; I've a word for you ;
And this is the word : Be true ! be true !
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.*

*List, little girl ; I've a word for you ;
'Tis the very same : Be true ! be true !
For the truth is the sun and falsehood the night.
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.*

For every sunny hour,
A drop of rain;
For every cloudy day,
The stars again.
For every passing care,
A mother's kiss;
And what could better be,
My child, than this?

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled in the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands out-stretched,
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

THE world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

How pleasant is Saturday night,
When I've tried all the week to be good,
Not spoken a word that was bad,
And obliged every one that I could.

BE kind and be gentle
To those who are old;
For kindness is dearer
And better than gold.

BEES IN THE MEADOW.

BEES in the meadow,
Birds on the bough,
Bloom on the hill-side—
Play-time is now.

Stones in the pasture,
Weeds in the bed;
Haying and harvest,
Hard work ahead.

Loud sings the robin,
“If you’d be gay,
Take to the work, lad,
The *heart* of the play!”

THE SWING.

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,

Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

WHAT THE BIRDIE AND THE BABY SAY.

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie—
Mother, let me fly away.

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger;
And she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger;
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

THE RAIN.

To the great brown house where the flowers live
Came the Rain with a "Tap, tap, tap,"
And whispered, "Violet, Snow-drop, Rose,
Your pretty eyes you must uncloze
From your long, long winter nap."
So said the Rain with his "Tap, tap, tap."

From the doors they peeped with a timid grace,
Just to answer this "Tap, tap, tap."
Miss Snow-drop bowed a sweet "Good-day,"
Then the rest came, nodding their heads so gay,
And they said, "We have had our winter nap.
Thank you, Rain, for your "Tap, tap, tap."

MAMMA'S KISSES.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my fingers,
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins;
My mamma is full of kisses—
As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair ;
She covered me over with kisses
The day that I fell down-stair.

A kiss when I 'give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy :
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
To her own little baby-boy.

NEXT SUMMER.

BEAUTIFUL things there are coming this way
Nearer and nearer, every day—

Yes, closer and closer, my baby.

Mischievous showers, and faint little smells
Of far-away flowers in far-away dells,
Are coming in April, my baby.

Sly little blossoms that clamber along
Close to the ground till they grow big and strong,
Are coming in May, little baby.

Roses and bees and a big yellow moon,
Coming together in beautiful June—
In lovely midsummer, my baby.

Pretty red cherries, and bright little flies,
Twinkling and turning the fields into skies,
Will come in July, little baby.

Feathery clouds, and long, still afternoons
Scarce a leaf stirring, and birdies' soft croons,
Are coming in August, my baby.

Glimpses of blue through the poppies and wheat.
And one little birthday on fast-flying feet,
Will come in September, my baby.

THE JOHNNY-CAKE.

THIS is the seed, so yellow and round,
That little John Horner hid in the ground.

These are the leaves, so graceful and tall,
That grew from the seed so yellow and small.

This is the stalk that came up between
The leaves so pretty and graceful and green.

These are the tassels, so flowery, that crowned
The stock so smooth, so strong, and so round.

These are the husks, with satin inlaid,
That grew 'neath the tassels that drooped and swayed.

This is the silk in shining threads spun—
A treasure it hides from the frost and the sun.

This is the treasure—corn, yellow as gold—
That satin and silk so softly infold.

This is the cake, for Johnny to eat,
Made from the corn so yellow and sweet.

THE COW.

THE friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me milk with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass,
And eats the meadow flowers.

LULLABY.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest—
Silver sails all out of the west,
 Under the silver moon :
Sleep, my little one ; sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

THE RAINBOW.

Out of water, clear and white,
Who has built a bridge so bright ?
Light the fairy arches rise,
Tinted with their glowing dyes—
Gold and red and azure blue,
Like the sunset's rarest hue.

Right against the dusky sky
Shines the path-way, fair and high,
From the valley, cool and green,
Where the floating mists are seen,
To the mountain far away
In the distance, dim and gray.

Busy fancies, strange and sweet,
Throng the bridge with fairy feet,
Crossing to the wondrous land
Where the cloudy castles stand ;
Till the gray mists slowly fall
Like a curtain over all !

LADY MOON.

LADY MOON, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale, and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child, if you love me :
You are too bold.
I must obey the dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

BED IN SUMMER.

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

THE MICE.

THE merry mice stay in their holes,
And hide themselves by day;
But when the house is still at night
The rogues come out and play.

Now here, now there, they trot about,
In every hole they peep,
To see what they can find to eat
While we are fast asleep.

They taste of milk we set for cream,
And nibble bread and cheese;
They climb upon the pantry shelf,
And taste of all they please.

But if they chance to hear the cat,
Their feast will soon be done;
Off, off they go, to hide themselves,
As fast as they can run.

DOING AND GIVING.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

EGGS AND BIRDS.

"WHERE is the little lark's nest
My father showed to me?
And where the pretty lark's eggs?"
Said Master Lori Lee.
At last he found the lark's nest,
But eggs were none to see.

"Why are you looking down there?"
Sang two young larks on high;
"We've broke the shells that held us,
And found a nest on high."
And the happy birds went singing
Far up the morning sky.

BUSY CHILDREN AT THE FARM.

BOYS.

PLANTING the corn and potatoes,
Helping to scatter the seeds,
Feeding the hens and the chickens,
Freeing the garden from weeds,
Caring for the doves and pigeons,
Leading the horse to the stall—
We little children are busy ;
Sure there is work for us all.

GIRLS.

Sweeping and sewing and knitting,
Bringing the wood from the shed,
Ironing, and washing the dishes,
Helping to make up the bed,
Taking good care of the baby,
Watching her lest she should fall—
We little children are busy ;
Yes, there is work for us all.

TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

TEN true friends you have,
Who, five in a row,
Upon either side of you
Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,
They help you to bed ;
Suppose you are hungry,
They see you are fed.

They wake up your dolly
And put on her clothes,
And trundle her carriage
Wherever she goes.

They buckle your skate straps,
And haul at your sled,
Are in summer quite white
And in winter quite red.

And these tiny fellows
They serve you with ease,
And they ask nothing from you,
But work hard to please.

Would you find out the name
Of this kind little band?
Then count up the fingers
On each little hand.

OH, LOOK AT THE MOON !

Oh, look at the moon !
She is shining up there ;
Oh mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow;
But now she's grown bigger,
And round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
How you shine on the door,
And make it all bright
On my nursery floor.

You shine on my playthings,
And show me their place,
And I love to look up
At your bright pretty face.

MY PUSSY.

I LIKE to feed my pussy.
I like to see her eat;
If she would only use a spoon,
Oh, wouldn't that be sweet!

She is so very cunning.
And thinks so much of me;
She always wants her breakfast
When I am there to see.

Now, pussy, little pussy,
You must behave yourself,
Or else I'll set the bread and milk
Upon the closet shelf!

THE BEE AND THE FLY.

"Buzz," said the busy bee; "Buzz," said the fly,
"Aren't we working hard, you and I?"
"Yes," said the bee, "you buzz as much as I do,
But as for making honey, what can a fly do?"

LARK, FLOWER, SUN, AND SHOWER.

"SHALL I sing?" says the Lark;
"Shall I bloom?" says the Flower;
"Shall I come?" says the Sun;
"Or shall I?" says the Shower.

Sing your song, pretty Bird;
Roses, bloom for an hour;
Shine on, dearest Sun;
Go away, naughty Shower.

GOOD MANNERS.

A CHILD should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at the table,
At least as far as he is able.

II.—FOR SECOND READER PUPILS.

*If I were a rose
On the garden wall,
I'd look so fair,
And grow so tall;
I'd scatter perfume far and wide—
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride.
That's what I'd do,
If I were you,
Oh little rose!*

*Fair little maid,
If I were you,
I'd always try
To be good and true.
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child
On whom the sunshine ever smiled.
That's what I'd do,
If I were you,
Dear little maid!*

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it;
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah, the cheerless weather!"

DARE forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do good, do good, there's ever a way,
A way where there's ever a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
And to-day, when the morrow comes, still.

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star doth shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

A LITTLE CLOUD WENT SAILING.

A LITTLE cloud went slowly sailing
Across the sunny sky;
A woful little wind went wailing
Through the tree-tops high;
A sudden sunbeam danced across the shadows,
And so the shower went by.

A little frown came stealing after
A gusty little sigh;
A pearly tear-drop drowned the laughter
Of a merry eye:
A sudden smile danced in the baby dimples,
And so the shower went by.

MY SHADOW.

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can
see.

He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the
head,
And I see him jump before me when I jump into
my bed;

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to
grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very
slow;

For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there is none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play;
He can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to 'nother as that shadow sticks to me.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy head,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep in bed.

THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Do you sometimes feel discouraged
At your work, my boy?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment,
Good cheer, and joy—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you very, very tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

POLITENESS is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

A BRAVE LITTLE BOY.

"MAMMA, my dear, if a robber should come,
A terrible robber, one night, you see,
I'd frighten him off with my sword and drum,
And you would be perfectly safe with me.

"And if you and I in a gloomy wood
Should meet a bear as we walked one day,
With my bow and arrows, like Robin Hood,
I would drive the fierce old bear away.

"But now I am tired and sleepy too,
And I wish my mamma would hold me a while."
There's a laughing look in her eyes of blue
As they answer her boy's so brown and mild.

She feels on her lips his coaxing touch,
She clasps him fast in her loving hold,
And she murmurs, "I'll never fear robber much,
Unless he should steal this heart of gold."

THE BEE AND THE ROSE.

"I HOPE you'll not accuse me,
But excuse me,"
Said the simple Bee to the royal red Rose,
"If I take a pot of honey,
And don't put down the money,
For, alas! I haven't any, as all the world knows."

“Mr. Bee, don’t worry,
Nor be sorry,”
Said the queenly Rose to the poor laboring Bee;
“You’ve paid me for my honey,
Much better than with money,
In the sweet songs of summer you hum and sing to
me.”

A SUMMER SHOWER.

“Hush!” said the leaves;
“Hurry, birds, hurry!
See yonder sheaves
All in a flurry!”

“Come under, quick,
Grasshopper, cricket!”
Whispered the vines
Down in the thicket.

“Hide,” lisped the grass,
“Lady-bug, spider;
Ant, here’s a place;
Fly, sit beside her.”

“Rest, katy-did,
Here in the bushes;
Butterfly, too;
How the rain rushes!”

“Why, there’s the sun!
Hear the birds singing.

Good-bye, dear leaves,
Off we'll be winging."

"Bee," said the Rose,
"Thank you for calling!
Drop in again
When the rain's falling!"

A LAZY BOY'S LESSON.

THE clock says "Tick! tick!
Where's lazy boy Dick?
I'll give him fair warning
This bright frosty morning."
Then it goes, "Ting! ling! ling!"
Seven times, loud and clear.

But Dick, overhead,
Just turns in his bed.
And pretends not to hear.

His mother calls, "Dick!
Come, come, get up quick;
You'll never grow healthy,
You'll never grow wealthy,
You'll never grow wise,
By making day night."

Dick yawns a reply,
Half opens one eye,
Then—closes it tight.

While wide-awake Ned,
Out in the wood-shed,
Is chopping and chopping,
Without ever stopping;
And sister Louisa
The table is setting,
 Lazy Dick slumbers on
 Till the morning is gone,
Then wakes up, fretting.

When at last he comes down,
With a whine and a frown.
He finds that his mother
And sister and brother
To grandma's have gone
To remain all the day!
 In vain does he call,
 In vain the tears fall;
At home Dick must stay!

DOLLY-TOWN.

HAVE you ever been down to Dolly-Town?
The sight will do you good.
 There the dollies walk,
 And the dollies talk,
 And they ride about
 In a grand turn-out,
 With a coachman thin
 Who is made of tin,
And a footman made of wood.

There are very fine houses in Dolly-Town,
Red and green and blue;
And a doctor grand,
Who is at command,
Just to mend their toes
And their arms and nose,
When they tumble down
And crack their crown:
His medicine is glue.

Do you know the queen in Dolly-Town,
That place of great renown?
A secret true
I'll whisper to you:
Though you've never been there,
This maiden rare
You may easily see,
If you'll look at me,
For I'm a queen in Dolly-Town.

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

MINNIE and Winnie
Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell
"What are they dreaming of,
Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft!

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

SPEAK the truth!
Speak it boldly, never fear;
Speak it so that all may hear;
In the end it shall appear,
Truth is best in age and youth.
Speak the truth!

Speak the truth!
Truth is beautiful and brave,
Strong to bless and strong to save;
Falsehood is a coward knave;
From it turn thy steps in youth—
Follow truth!

GUARD THE TONGUE.

GUARD the tongue, and guard it wisely,
Thence a world of evil springs ;
Though it be a little member,
Yet it boasteth wondrous things.
It can whisper words of comfort,
It can wound or cheer the heart,
It can seal the bonds of union,
It can break them all apart.

OTHER CHILDREN.

LITTLE Indian, Sioux, or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh, don't you wish that you were me ?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas ;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine
But it's not so nice as mine ;
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux, or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh, don't you wish that you were me?

WHO WAS SHE?

As I was going for a walk,
So pleasant, cool, and shady,
Right in the middle of the path
I met a little lady.

I never heard her speak a word,
But I heard the miller,
Coming down the sidewalk, say,
"There goes Miss Caterpillar."

THE CITY CHILD.

DAINTY little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty home, the home where
mother dwells?
"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden.
"All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,
Roses and lilies and Canterbury bells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?

Whither from this pretty house, this city house
of ours?

"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the meadows, the clover and the clem-
atis,

Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle flowers."

THE DUMB SOLDIER.

WHEN the grass was closely mown,
Walking on the lawn alone,
In the turf a hole I found
And hid a soldier underground.

Spring and daisies came apace;
Grasses hide my hiding-place;
Grasses run like a green sea
O'er the lawn up to my knee.

Under grass alone he lies,
Looking up with leaden eyes,
Scarlet coat and painted gun,
To the stars and to the sun.

When the grass is ripe like grain,
When the scythe is stoned again,
When the lawn is shaven clear,
Then the hole shall reappear.

I shall find him, never fear,
I shall find my grenadier;
But for all that's gone and come,
I shall find my soldier dumb.

He has lived, a little thing,
In the grassy woods of spring;
Done, if he could tell me true,
Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry hours,
And the springing of the flowers,
And the fairy things that pass
In the forests of the grass.

In the silence he has heard
Talking bee and lady-bird;
And the butterfly has flown
O'er him as he lay alone.

Not a word will he disclose,
Not a word of all he knows.
I must lay him on the shelf,
And make up the tale myself.

EACH day, and every day,
Do what is right—
Right things in great and small,
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, stars, and all—
You shall have light.

UPSIDEDOWN.

If all the world were upsidedown,
Our lilies would be stars so gay,
Our brooks would make the milky-way,
And roses of the richest dye
Would be the pretty sunset sky;
Instead of blue the sky be brown—
If all the world were upsidedown.

If all the world were upsidedown,
The moon would take the ocean's place,
And stars the fields and gardens grace,
The ground of course would be sky-blue;
Another change would be quite new—
We'd wear our shoes upon our crown
If all the world were upsidedown.

SUPPOSING.

SUPPOSING the grass should forget to grow,
And the way-side rose should forget to blow,
Because they were tired and lazy;
Supposing children forgot to be kind,
Forgot their lessons, forgot to mind—
Wouldn't the world seem crazy?

Supposing that strawberries ripened on trees,
And robins and thrushes swam in the seas,
While mackerel flew in the air;
Supposing the stars in the meadows grew,
And the sky was green and the leaves were blue—
What a topsy-turvy affair!

THE SKY.

THE sky is a drinking-cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup!

SUPPOSE.

How dreary would the meadow be
In the pleasant summer light,
Suppose there wasn't a bird to sing,
And suppose the grass was white.

And dreary would the garden be,
With all its flowery trees,
Suppose there were no butterflies,
And suppose there were no bees.

And what would all the beauty be,
And what the song that cheers,
Suppose we hadn't any eyes,
And suppose we hadn't any ears?

For though the grass were gay and green,
And song-birds filled the glen,
And the air were purple with butterflies,
What good would they do us then?

Ah, think of it, my little friends ;
And when some pleasure flies,
Why, let it go, and still be glad
That you have your ears and eyes.

ALL THE GOOD WE CAN.

If the sunshine never crept
Into hovels dark and sad,
If its glories never shone
Save where everything was glad,
If it scattered not its beams
Over hearts by sorrow chilled,
Would the sunshine do His will ?
Would its mission be fulfilled ?

If the roses never bloomed,
Save for gladsome eyes alone,
If their beauty and their grace
For the weary never shone,
If they never brought a smile
To the way-side passer-by,
Would the roses do their task
While the hours of summer fly ?

If the sunshine of our smiles
We have scattered not afar,
If our roses—kindly deeds—
Bloom not where the lowly are,
If our words of hope and joy
Never fail to bless and cheer,
Have we done our Maker's will ?
Have we wrought our mission here ?

JOHNNY-JUMP-UP.

THERE was a little boy
Whom his mother did employ
In doing all the errands she could trump up;
And she sent his feet so nimble
After scissors, spool, or thimble,
Till the neighbors always called him Johnny-Jump-
Up.

Now this Johnny—little boy,
Whom his mother did employ,
Saying, “Johnny, jump up, dear, and fetch the tarts,
please!”
Or, “Run, Johnny, to the spring,
And a pail of water bring”—
Don’t you see he grew to be his mother’s heart’s-ease!

A DEED AND A WORD.

A LITTLE spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.

He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd,
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of Eternity!

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our pleasant earth below
Like the heaven above.

THE CHILDREN'S OFFERING.

WHAT shall little children bring,
As a grateful offering
For the ever-watchful care
That surrounds us everywhere?

Gathered in a happy fold,
Safe from wintry want and cold,
Fed by hands that never tire,
Warmed at love's unfailing fire,

Sheltered by protecting arms
From the great world's sins and harms;
While a patience wise and sweet
Guides our little wandering feet;

Thou who hear'st the raven's call,
Thou who see'st the sparrow's fall,
Thou who holdest safe and warm
Lost lambs in thy tender arm;

Father! dearest name of all,
Bless thy children, great and small.
Rich and poor alike are thine,
Knit by charity divine.

Willing hearts and open hands,
Love that every ill withstands,
Faith and hope in thee, our King—
These shall be our offering!

A SPRING HOLIDAY.

THE little birds fly over,
And, oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping,
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine;
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
Oh happy little children!
These things were made for you.

VIOLETS.

VIOLETS, violets, sweet spring violets!
 Sure as spring comes they'll come, too,
 First the white and then the blue,

Pretty violets;
 White with just a pinky dye,
 Blue as little baby's eye,
 So like violets,

Though the rough wind shakes the house,
 Knocks about the budding boughs,

There are violets.

Though the passing snow-storms come,
 And the frozen birds sit dumb,

There are violets.

One by one among the grass,
 Saying, "Pluck me," as we pass,

Sweet, sweet violets.

By-and-by there'll be so many,
 We'll pluck dozens, nor miss any,

Sweet, sweet violets.

Children, when you go to play,
 Look beneath the hedge to-day,

Peep for violets.

PLAYING BO-PEEP WITH A STAR.

"Who are you winking at, bright little star?
 Hanging alone, 'way up ever so far;
 Trembling and flashing aloft in the blue—
 Answer my question, and answer me true!"

She stood by the window, all ready for bed,
Yet lingered to hear what the little star said;
But naught would it do but wink its bright eye,
Alone by itself in the depths of the sky.

“I fear you are dumb,” said the wee little sprite,
“Or else you would answer my question to-night.
We whisper and talk to each other down here;
I think you could speak, if you chose to, my dear.”

What do you think the little star did?
It wilfully slipped out of sight and was hid
By a snip of a cloud that floated close by,
And never vouchsafed her a wink or reply.

But after a while, when she woke in the night,
The first thing she saw was that little star's light;
It twinkled and twinkled, and roused her from
sleep,
“Aha!” laughed the child, “we can both play bo-
peep!”

MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked—
By Mr. *No-bod-ee*.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves our doors ajar;
Who pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done—
By Mr. *No-bod-ee*?

The finger-marks upon the doors
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed
To let the curtains fade;
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see,
Are not our boots! They all belong—
To Mr. *No-bod-ee*.

REMINING THE HEN.

“It's well I ran into the garden,”
Said Eddie, his face all aglow;
“For what do you think, mamma, happened—
You never will guess it, I know?”

“The little brown hen was there clucking;
‘Cut-cut,’ she'd say, quick as a wink,
Then ‘Cut-cut,’ again, only slower.
And then she would stop short and think.

“And then she would say it all over;
She *did* look so mad and so vexed;

For, mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten
The word that she ought to cluck next?

“ So *I* said, ‘*Ca-daw-cut, caw-daw-cut,*
As loud and as strong as I could;
And she looked round at me very thankful;
I tell you, it made her feel good.

“ Then she flapped and said, ‘*Cut-cut-ca-daw-cut;*
She remembered just how it went then;
But it's well I ran into the garden—
She might never have clucked right again!”

AUTUMN SONG.

BLUE skies, cool skies,
Tell us summer-days are done;
Gay leaves, sad leaves,
Swirl in wild October fun.

Blue eyes, brown eyes,
Spy every op'ning burr;
Wee ones, great ones,
All gather without demur.

Dull days, drear days,
Shadow winter's coming blast;
Young hearts, old hearts,
Sing while jolly nuttings last.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

WHICH is the wind that brings the cold?

The North Wind, Freddie, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?

The South Wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat.
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?

The East Wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?

The West Wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the West begins to blow.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

UNDER the hay-stack little Boy Blue

Sleeps with his head on his arm,

While voices of men and voices of maids

Are calling him over the farm.

Sheep in the meadows are running wild,
Where poisonous herbage grows ;
Leaving white tufts of downy fleece
On the thorns of the sweet wild-rose.

Out in the fields where the silken corn
Its plumed head nods and bows,
Where golden pumpkins ripen below,
Trample the white-faced cows.

But no loud blast on the shining horn
Calls back the straying sheep ;
And the cows may wander in hay or corn,
While their keeper lies asleep.

His roguish eyes are tightly shut,
His dimples are all at rest ;
The chubby hand, tucked under his head,
By one rosy cheek is pressed.

Waken him? No. Let down the bars,
And gather the truant sheep ;
Open the barn-yard and drive in the cows,
But let the little boy sleep.

For year after year we can shear the fleece,
And corn can always be sown ;
But the sleep that visits little Boy Blue
Will not come when the years have flown.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A FAIR little girl
Sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as
Her eyes could see;
She smoothed her work,
And folded it right,
And said, "Dear work,
Good-night, good-night."

Such a number of rooks
Went over her head,
Crying, "Caw, caw,"
On their way to bed,
She said, as she watched
Their curious flight,
"Little black things,
Good-night, good-night."

The horses neighed,
And the oxen lowed,
And the sheep's "bleat, bleat"
Came over the road,
All seeming to say,
With a quiet delight,
"Good little girl,
Good-night, good-night."

She did not say
To the sun "Good-night,"

Though she saw him there
Like a ball of light ;
For she knew he had
God's time to keep
All over the world,
And never could sleep.

The tall, pink foxglove
Bowed her head ;
The violets courtesied
And went to bed ;
And good little Lucy
Tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees,
Her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow
She softly lay,
She heard nothing more
Till again it was day.
And all things said
To the beautiful sun,
“ Good-morning, good-morning ;
Our work has begun.”

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING.

HANG up the baby's stocking ;
Be sure that you don't forget
The dear little dimpled darling—
He never saw Christmas yet.

But I told him all about it,
And he opened his big blue eyes,
And I'm sure he understood me,
He looked so funny and wise.

Dear, dear, what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas,
It never will do at all:
Why, Santa Claus won't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby—
I have thought of the very best plan—
We will borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever we can,
And you will hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner—so—
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking,
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen him, Santa,
For he only came this year;
But he is just the blessedest baby!
And now, before you go,
Just cram his stocking with goodies
From the top clear down to the toe."

WHAT MOTHER SAYS.

Now here's a hand-glass, let me try
If I can this time see
Just one of all those funny things
My mother sees in me.

She says my eyes are violets—
And what she says is true—
But I think they are just two eyes;
Don't they look so to you?

She says my lips are cherries red,
And makes b'lieve take a bite;
They never look like that to me—
But mother's always right.

She says each cheek is like a rose,
And this I surely know;
I never would believe it, but
What mother says is so.

She says my teeth are shining pearls;
Now that's so very queer,
If some folks said it, why, I'd think—
But then 'twas mother dear.

I only see a little girl,
With hair that's rather wild,
Who has two eyes, a nose, and mouth,
Like any other child.

WINK.

I HAVE a kitty, and, what do you think? Her name is Puss, but I call her "Wink," and the reason why I call her so is this: oh, ever so long ago, my mother brought her home one day in a little basket, all the way from—dear me, where was it? I can't remember, it was so long—the name of the town; but the month, I'm sure, was June—or December. And when mother set the basket down on the kitchen-floor she said, "Little Grace, just peep in here, but take care of your face, for it's something 'live, and it may jump up." I thought, much as could be, it must be a pup, for brother Jem had been teasing hard for a black one, all fuzzy, and full of his fun, like the one that lives in Joe Cassidy's yard; he rolls over and over—he's too fat to run.

But no! when I looked in, there lay a kitty, all cuddled up close, so silky and pretty, a blue cat—Aunt Eleanor says she's Maltese; I don't know what that is, it may be her fleece, 'cause it shines so; but soon as my new kitty saw that the basket was open she stretched out her paw to shake hands with her mistress, and just seemed to know she had come to a good home, where people would treat her like one of God's creatures, and nobody throw stones and brick-bats to hurt her, or cruelly beat her.

So she looked up at me and said, softly, "You? you?" and winked just as hard as ever you knew. "Yes, it's I—little Gracie," I answered her then, and

oh, don't you think, she began winking again! Jemmy laughed—so did I—but she didn't get cross at our fun, like May Fisher and Lilian Morse, but was just as good-natured as could be, and lay as still as a mouse, with nothing to say. I caught her up then, and hugged her and kissed her—they were little soft hugs, and she liked them, I guess—but Jemmy screamed out, "You are choking her, sister!" and frightened her so she hid in my dress. She's got used to him now, and don't care for his noise, for she's found out he's just like the rest of the boys.

Jem says, "She's a stupid, and can't tell a rat from a rose-bush;" but I know better than that, and she isn't afraid of them either, but thinks it isn't quite right to kill them for sport; so she lies on the mat in the wood-shed and winks at their pranks, and they never got caught. I don't care, I am sure, for rats like to live just as well as we do, and if people would give them their food every day in a little tin dish, they'd learn to be honest, perhaps, and eat fish and pick bones, like the cats, and behave very well, as poor Wink does. That's all. I've no more to tell.

DARE to be right! Dare to be true!
For you have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to be right! Dare to be true!
The failings of others can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

III.—FOR THIRD READER PUPILS.

*My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray :
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day :*

*Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long :
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.*

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

LEARN to live, and live to learn;
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,
Little tasks make large return.

Toil, when willing, groweth less;
“Always play” may seem to bless,
Yet the end is weariness.

Live to learn, and learn to live,
Only this content can give;
Reckless joys are fugitive.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

WERE I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean in my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

MOTHER'S GIRL.

SLEEVES to the dimpled elbow,
Fun in the sweet blue eyes,
To and fro upon errands
The little maiden hies.

Now she is washing dishes,
Now she is feeding the chicks,
Now she is playing with pussy,
Or teaching Rover tricks.

Wrapped in a big white apron,
Pinned in a checkered shawl,
Hanging clothes in the garden,
Oh, were she only tall!

Hushing the fretful baby,
Coaxing his hair to curl,
Stepping around so briskly,
Because she is mother's girl.

Hunting for eggs in the hay-mow,
Petting old Brindle's calf,
Riding Don to the pasture
With many a ringing laugh.

Coming whenever you call her,
Running wherever sent;
Mother's girl is a blessing,
And mother is well content.

WHAT THE LITTLE MAIDEN SAW.

WHY stand you there,
Sweet maiden fair,
With eyes upon the sea,
Forgetting play
To gaze all day
On ocean rolling free?

Have you a ship
From foreign trip
Now coming up the bay,
That brings you gold
For treasures sold
In countries far away?

Ah, there's a line
Of black smoke fine
Upon the distant sky!
She sees a speck
The ocean fleck
Beneath the smoke on high.

It grows and grows
Until she knows
It is the steamer due.
Her little heart
Beats wild its part
As comes the ship in view.

She turns her head;
Her cheeks are red,
Her eyes no longer roam.
“I want no gold
For treasures sold—
That ship brings papa home!”

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;

When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful—
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river, running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the green-wood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden—
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

TOUCH IT NEVER.

CHILDREN, do you see the wine,
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm;
It will surely lead to harm.
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Never let it pass your lips,
Never even let the tips
Of your fingers touch the bowl;
Hate it from your inmost soul.
Truly hate it!
Touch it never!
Fight it ever!

BEAUTIFUL hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

WORDS AND TONES.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

THE SEA-SHELL.

HOLD to your ear the beautiful shell:
Listen! What does its murmur tell?
Hark! Does it echo the billows' roar,
As they roll and break on the sandy shore?

Does it bring to your mind the tossing spray
Of waves that dance in the breezes' play?
Or the quiet depths where the coral grows,
And never a ray of sunshine glows?

Hark again to the beautiful shell:
Does it speak of the ocean's stormy swell,
Of the sea-bird's scream, of the rushing gale,
Of the broken mast and the riven sail?

Sights and sounds of the restless sea,
Vast and gloomy, and grand and free,
How they gather at Fancy's spell,
Waked by the voice of this little shell!

I LOVE YOU, MOTHER.

"I LOVE you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell—
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan—
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she—
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

ONCE a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense," said the other,
"I don't think you know."

So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousie fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh, no!" said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."

"I don't care," said robin,
And gave his tail a fling,

"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew—puss seized him,
Before he'd time to blink;
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
You who hear this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?

Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows,
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
"Cause you didn't think."

SPEAK the truth!
Speak it boldly. Never fear.
Speak it so that all may hear.
In the end it shall appear
That truth is best in age and youth.
Speak the truth!

CARL'S MENAGERIE.

HERE is your grand menagerie,
Beneath the crooked cherry-tree.
The exhibition now begins—
Admittance, only thirteen pins;
And if the pins you cannot borrow,
Why, then, I'll trust you till to-morrow.
Ladies, please to walk inside;
The animals are safely tied.

This is the elephant on my right;
Don't meddle with him or he'll bite.
(He's Rover, Neddy's dog, you know;
I wish he wouldn't fidget so!
He doesn't think it fun to play
Wild beast, and be chained up all day.)
I'll feed him pretty soon with meat;
Though grass is what he ought to eat.

In that box are the kangaroos;
Go near and pat them if you choose
(They're very much like Susie's rabbits,
With just a change of name and habits),
You'll find them lively as a top;
See, when I poke them, how they hop.
They are not fierce. But now take care,
For we approach the grizzly bear.

See her long claws, and only hear
Her awful growl when I go near.
We found her lying on a rug,
And just escaped her fearful hug.
It took some time to get her caged :
She's terrible when she's enraged.
(You think, perhaps, it's Mabel's cat,
But don't you be too sure of that.)

Here is the ostrich in her pen
(It's Ernest's little bantam-hen);
She came from Africa, of course,
And runs as fast as any horse;
And up above there is a bird
Of whom you all have often heard—
The eagle ("That is not," said Mary,
"A pretty name for my canary").

Just at this point, I grieve to say,
The elephant broke quite away,
O'erthrew the grizzly bear in rage,
Upset the eagle in his cage,
Flew at the kangaroos, and then
Attacked the ostrich in her pen.
Thus ended Carl's menagerie,
Beneath the crooked cherry-tree.

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care :
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

LET IT PASS.

BE not swift to take offence;
 Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
 Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song—
 Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
 Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind,
 Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive;
 Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;
 Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
 Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dew-drops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
 Let it pass!

TWO LITTLE GIRLS I KNOW.

I KNOW a little girl
 (You? Oh no!)
Who, when she's asked to go to bed,
 Does just so:
She brings a dozen wrinkles out,
 And takes the dimples in;
She puckers up her pretty lips,
 And then she does begin—
"Oh, dear me! I don't see why
 All the others sit up late,
And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know,
 With curly pate,
Who says: "When I'm a great big girl
 I'll sit up late.
But mamma says 'twill make me grow
 To be an early bird."
So she and dolly trot away
 Without another word.
Oh, the sunny smile and the eyes so blue,
 And—why, yes, now I think of it,
She *looks like you!*

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
 Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
 These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
That all trouble magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil or the farm,
Wheresoever you may be—
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

THE LITTLE ARMY.

THERE'S a funny little army,
Clad in armor silver-bright;
Though it stands in warlike columns
Yet 'tis never known to fight.
Very sharp these little soldiers,
Always useful, night or day;
People think it quite an honor
To be called as neat as they.

Often missed when they are needed,
Though they don't march to and fro,
It has ever been a puzzle
To determine where they go.
Only pins upon a cushion,
Yet be very proud we might
Were we, like this little army,
Always useful, neat, and bright.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O, MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee."

The western wind was wild and dark with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand
As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land;
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

NEVER GIVE UP!

NEVER give up! It is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of doubt's heavy fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
Never give up! or the burden may sink you—
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be, Never give up!

Never give up!—though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock—and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
Never give up! If adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel in all your distresses
Is the stout watchword of—Never give up!

SPEAK clearly, if you would speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall.

THE DEAD DOLL.

You needn't be trying to comfort me. I tell you
my dolly is dead!

There's no use in saying she isn't, with a crack like
that in her head!

I remember you said it wouldn't hurt much to have
my tooth out that day;

And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off,
you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you
say you can mend it with glue!

As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just sup-
pose it was you!

You might make her look all mended; but what do
I care for looks?

Why, glue's for chairs and tables and toys, and the
backs of books!

My dolly—my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the
awfullest crack!

It just makes me sick to think of the sound when
her poor head went whack

Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the
little shelf!

Now, nurse, what makes you remind me? I know
that I did it myself!

What is it that you tell me? You'll get another head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my
dolly is dead!

And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new
spring hat!

And I took that pretty ribbon of hers to tie on the
naughty cat!

When my manma gave me the ribbon—I was
playing out in the yard—

She said to me most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for
Hildegarde."

And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde
saw me do it.

But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind; I don't be-
lieve she knew it."

But I am afraid that she did know it; and I just
believe, I do,

That her poor little heart was broken, and so her
head broke too.

Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish *my* head had
been hit!

For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit!

But, since the darling is dead, she'll want to be bur-
ied, of course.

We will take my little wagon, nurse; and you shall
be the horse;

And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in
this, you see—

This dear little box—and we'll bury her then un-
der the maple-tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone like the one he
made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it; yes, every single
word.
I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll,
who is dead:
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in
her head."

ROBIN REDBREAST.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to summer,
For summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
With ruddy breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin singing sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;

It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do,
For pinching days are near?

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FANCIES.

O LITTLE flowers, you love me so,
You could not do without me;
O little birds, that come and go,
You sing sweet songs about me;
O little moss, observed by few,
That round the tree is creeping,
You like my head to rest on you
When I am idly sleeping.

O rushes by the river-side,
You bow when I come near you;
O fish, you leap about with pride,
Because you think I hear you;
O river, you shine clear and bright,
To tempt me to look in you;
O water-lilies, pure and white,
You hope that I shall win you.

O pretty things, you love me so,
I see I must not leave you;
You find it very dull, I know—
I should dislike to grieve you.
Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss;
My flowers, you need not shiver;
My little buds, don't look so cross;
Don't talk so loud, my river!

I'm *telling* you I will not go—
It's foolish to feel slighted;
It's rude to interrupt me so—
You ought to be delighted.
Ah! now you're growing good, I see,
Though anger is beguiling;
The pretty blossoms nod at me—
I see a robin smiling.

And I will make a promise, dears,
That will content you, maybe:
I'll love you through the happy years,
Till I'm a nice old lady!

True love, like yours and mine, they say,
Can never think of ceasing,
But year by year, and day by day,
Keeps steadily increasing.

THE SCHOOL.

“LITTLE girl, where do you go to school,
And when do you go, little girl?
Over the grass from dawn till dark,
Your feet are in a whirl;
Like the wind you ramble everywhere,
And like the birds you sing;
But what have you learned in your books at school?
Do you know all the tables? Can you write every
rule?”

Then the little girl answered—
Only stopping to cling
To my finger a minute,
As the bird on the wing
Catches a twig of willow
And stops to twitter and sing—

“When the daisies’ eyes are a-twinkle
With happy tears of dew;
When swallows waken in the eaves,
And the lamb bleats to the ewe;
When the lawns are striped with golden bars,
And the light of the sun puts out the stars;
When morning’s breath is fresh and cool,
It is then that I haste on my way to school.

“My school-roof is the deep blue sky;
And the bells that ring for me there
Are all the voices of morning
Afloat in the dewy air.
Kind Nature is my teacher;
And the book from which I spell
Is thumb-worn by the hills and brooks,
Where I learn my lessons well.”

Thus the little girl answered,
In her happy out-door tone.
She was up to my pocket—
I was a man full-grown;
But the next time that she goes to school
She will not go alone.

NATURE'S PARTY.

DAME NATURE gives a party
Each fall, and what a shout
Goes up from hill and valley
When all her cards are “out!”

She sends each invitation
Writ in a glowing hue—
In purple, gold, or crimson;
And makes you welcome too.

Now when her palace opens
Its doors and windows wide,
Her merry guests come flocking
O'er all the country-side.

With thought for every creature,
She spreads her feast with care;
And royal is the bounty,
And dainty is the fare.

There's butternut and hazel,
There's hickory and beech;
Of chestnut and of walnut
She has a store of each;

While sparkling is the nectar
She proffers every one.
"Drink deep," she cries; "it mirrors
The shining of the sun."

Ah, now you've guessed the party,
You know about the feast;
And so do all the squirrels,
The youngest and the least.

Come, boys and girls, a-nutting!
There is enough for all,
For squirrels and for children,
When Nature gives her ball.

OUR DAILY RECKONING.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word

That eased the heart of him who heard;
 One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

But, if through all the livelong day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
 If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face,
 No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

SIX KINDS OF MANNERS.

(A BOY'S LECTURE TO BOYS AND GIRLS.)

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Manner means way, and a manner is a way, and manners means ways. The ways you do things are your manners. The ways you look, the ways you speak, the ways you act, the ways you move, the ways you eat, are your manners. What you do with your hat is a part of your manners. I do not mean hanging it up; I mean taking it off or keeping it on. Everybody has to have some kind of manners, because everybody has to have some kind of ways to do things. There are two kinds of manners—I will mention them—good ones and bad ones. Your face looks better when you are having good manners than it looks when you are having bad ones.

I have heard of six kinds of bad manners, and one more. I will mention them. Pig manners, one; bear manners, two; donkey manners, three; cock-a-doodle-doo manners, four; post manners, five; cow-in-the-parlor manners, six. It would take too long to tell about all six kinds, so I will have to leave you to think them out for yourselves.

“Besides these kinds there is another kind I heard of, called the interrupters. Interrupters are the kind that begin to talk while other people are speaking, no matter if it is their father, or their mother, or company—the interrupters do not wait for anybody to stop talking, but break in and say what they want to.

“I suppose that a boy or girl, or any other person, might have two kinds of bad manners both at once. Some of the people in my house talked about this. My big brother said that if a boy and a girl should have pig manners and bear manners and donkey manners and post manners and cock-a-doodle-doo manners, all five, he would want to chain them up in cages, and if they should have all six kinds—pig manners and bear manners and donkey manners and post manners and cock-a-doodle-doo manners and cow-in-the-parlor manners—and be interrupting besides, he would want to put each of them under a barrel and stop up the bung-holes. I do not believe he would stop up the bung-holes, for then they could not get air to breathe. My mother does not believe anybody could have so many kinds of bad manners and be alive. Once my mother went somewhere to stay, and she had to come away because the children had such manners she could not stay. They had bear

manners and some of the other kinds. I think it is very hard to have good manners all the time until you get used to having them."

SOME ONE LOVES US BEST.

SAID the roses to the pansies,
As they looked around the bowers:
"Who can doubt it, who deny it?
We excel all other flowers.
See our robes of many colors,
And our petals smooth and fair;
With a wealth of richest fragrance
Fill we all the summer air."

.

Not far off a tiny violet
Waited till she heard them through,
Then, with gentle voice, she whispered:
"But the people love us too.
Though we are not tall and stately,
Though our faces are not fair,
Search amid the richest garlands,
You will find the violets there."

.

Soon there came a gentle maiden;
As she looked the garden o'er:
"Ah!" she cried, "you lovely roses,
All the world must you adore.
But my place is very humble,
Like the violets that I see.
Ladies fair must wear the roses;
Violets, you were born for me."

With her little hands she gathers
Violets white and violets blue;
Close upon her heart she lays them,
Pure and fragrant, fresh with dew.
And the tiny violets trembling,
Nestling closer to her breast,
Cry, "We are not like the roses,
Yet, you see, she loves us best."

"Ah!" I thought, "the violets teach us
Lessons sweet and lessons true;
Though we are not like the roses,
Some one's sure to love us too.
Though we are not fair and stately,
Nor 'in silk and jewels dressed,
If we are but kind and gentle,
Some one's sure to love us best."

SONG OF WINTER DAYS.

THE morn is clear; with frosty light
The sunbeams, late and low,
Shine out upon the snow so white,
And shine back from the snow.

Down tusks of ice one drop will go,
Nor fall; at sunny noon
'Twill hang a diamond—fade, and grow
An opal for the moon.

And when the bright, sad sun is low
Behind the mountain dome,
A twilight wind will come and blow
All round the children's home.

And puff and waft the powdery snow,
As feet unseen did pass;
But, waiting in its bed below,
Green lies the summer grass.

A GOOD LIFE.

HE liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go:
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-field
That is yellow with ripening grain;
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snow-drops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes ripen
In the soft tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit is the thickest,
On the long, thorny dewberry-vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land;
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are the strongest ;
The humble and poor become great ;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword and chisel and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

START TRUE.

“Now start me true,” cried Fred,
To his mates on the hill one day,
As he sped on his bright new sled
From the snowy crest away.
The hill was long and steep,
While a narrow, shining track
Climbed up through the snowy deep
To the top of “Camel’s Back.”

Near by, on the mountain-side,
The tallest pine-trees grow ;
While a dark and angry tide
Dashes over rocks below.
But Fred, with a steady care,
Knows well where the dangers lay ;
No rock, or a hidden snare,
Shall turn him out of his way.

How swiftly now does he glide
Past gully and stump and curve!
And nothing can turn him aside—
Not once from the way does he swerve.
“Hurrah!” he cries, “I am there;”
And the rocks catch up the refrain,
And he waves his cap in the air
As he touches the snowy plain.

And so, in the journey of life,
Start *true*, my dear boys, and pray;
Shunning intemperance and strife,
And the evils that lie in the way.
May you thus, when eternity’s light
Flashes up on your course at the last,
Break forth into songs of delight
O’er dangers triumphantly passed.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was a little boy,
One fine morning in December
Uncle brought me home a toy;
I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindest mood;
“There,” said he, “you little fat-head,
There’s a top because you’re good.”

Grandmamma, a shrewd observer,
I remember, gazed upon

My new top, and said with fervor,
"Oh, how kind of Uncle John!"
While mamma, my form caressing,
In her eye the tear-drop stood,
Read me this fine moral lesson,
"See what comes of being good!"

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play;
I remember Billy Dawkins
Came, and with his pewter squirt
Squibbed my pantaloons and stockings
Till they were all over dirt.

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking in every limb;
She exclaimed, with fond affection,
"Gracious goodness! look at him!"
Pa cried when he saw my garment;
'Twas a newly purchased dress:
"Oh, you little nasty warment,
How came you in such a mess?"

Then he caught me by the collar,
Cruel only to be kind—
And to my exceeding dolor,
Gave me several slaps behind.
Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—'twas rather stony-hearted—
"Little rascal! sarve him right!"

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day,
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play.
And the moral which they taught I
Well remember; thus they said,
“Little boys, when they are naughty,
Must be whipped and sent to bed.”

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

If you're told to learn a task,
And you should begin it,
Do not tell your teacher, “Yes,
I'm coming in a minute.”

Waste not moments nor your words
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

KEEP watch of your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like bees' fresh honey—
Like bees they have terrible stings.
They can bless, like the warm glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the bitter contest,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through the lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind.
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through a brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar and lock and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth!

THE TIGER.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

SCHOOL CHILDREN.

BEFORE SCHOOL.

"QUARTER of nine! Boys and girls do you hear?"
"One more buckwheat, then; be quick, mother dear."
"Where is my luncheon-box?" "Under the shelf,
Just in the place where you left it yourself."
"I can't say my table!" "Oh, find me my cap!"
"One kiss for mamma, and sweet sis in her lap."
"Be good, dear." "I'll try." "Nine times nine's
eighty-one."
"Take your mittens!" "All right." "Hurry, Tom,
let's run!"

With a slam of the door, they are off, girls and boys,
And the mother draws breath in the lull of the noise.

AFTER SCHOOL.

"Don't wake up the baby! Come gently, my dear."
"Oh, mother! I've torn my new dress; just look here!
I'm sorry; I only was climbing the wall."
"Oh, mother! *my* map was the nicest of all!"
"And Nelly, in spelling, went up to the head!"
"Oh, say! can I go on the hill with my sled?"
"I've got such a toothache!" "The teacher's unfair!"
"Is dinner 'most ready?" "I'm hungry as a bear!"

Be patient, dear mother, they're growing up fast;
These nursery whirlwinds, not long do they last;
A still, lonely house would be far worse than noise—
Rejoice and be glad in your brave girls and boys.

THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice, it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking over the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb with a maiden at its side.

No other sheep was near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears, and his tail with
pleasure shook.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" she said, in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

"What ails thee, young one—what? Why pull so at
thy cord?

Is it not well with thee—well, both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest, what is't that aileth thee?

"Thou knowest that twice a day I have brought thee,
in this can,

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with
dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk—warm milk it is and
new."

IV.—FOR FOURTH READER PUPILS.

“*TO-DAY*

*Unsullied comes to thee—new-born;
To-morrow is not thine,
The sun may cease to shine
For thee, ere earth shall greet its morn.*

“*Be earnest, then, in thought and deed,
Nor fear approaching night;
Calm comes with evening light,
And hope, and peace. Thy duty heed—
To-day.*”

BE good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.

THE best portion of a good man's life is his little
nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of
love.

BEHOLD the fowls of the air: for they sow not,
neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your
heavenly Father feedeth them.

TRUE worth is in *being*, not *seeming*,
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by.

SUPPOSE your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
Then wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

"RIGHT ABOUT FACE."

"Now, right about face!" September cries,
 "Right about face, and march!" cries she;
"You, Summer, have had *your* day, and now,
In spite of your sorrowful, clouded brow,
 The children belong to *me*.

"Come, fall into line, you girls and boys,
 Tanned and sunburned, merry and gay;
Turn your backs to the woods and hills,
The meadow ponds and the mountain rills,
 And march from them all away.

"Are you loath, I wonder, to say farewell
 To the summer days and the summer skies?
Ah! the time flies fast, and vacation is done;
You've finished your season of frolic and fun;
 Now turn your tardy eyes

"Towards your lessons and books, my dears.
 Why, where would our men and women be
If the *children* forever with summer played?
Come, right about face," September said,
 "And return to school with me."

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

OVER and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill;
I must grind out the golden grain;
I must work at my task, with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dew must fall,
And the sun and summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
The brook through the meadow flows;
And over and over again
The ponderous millwheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough for the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us fit for heaven.

WERE I YOU, LITTLE LAD.

Now, my gay little lad, trolling out your blithe air,
With the dew all unswept from your day,
Do you know what it is I would do, were I you,
With the years stretching out o'er my way?
Do you wonder, my lad, with your eyes yet so clear
That they rival the heaven's clear blue,
And your chin all unpricked by the pressure of
years,
What it is that I think I would do?

It is this: I would try, did I know that I stood
The first heir to a wondrous estate—
The estate of true manhood—to keep myself pure
For the years that I knew were in wait.
I would watch that no cloud, e'en the size of a
hand,
Rose to dim the bright gleam of my noon—
Yes, on guard I would stand even now, were I you;
You will find it not one day too soon.

Were I you, little lad, I would see that each day
Was swept clean ere 'twas folded away ;
Ay, so clean that at night I could say with all truth,
“ 'Tis a bit of good work done to-day.”
Do you know why of some, when death closes their
door,
It is said as our tears wet the clay,
And the grave is filled in with a nation's remorse,
“ 'Tis a great man that's fallen to-day?”

I will tell you, my lad ; 'tis because of the years
That stream back of them, golden and bright ;
Not a blur for the mantle of friendship to shroud,
But from boyhood to manhood all light.
Oh, a record like this is worth more, little lad,
Than the gold of a mountain when won,
But a record, you'll find, that can never be gained
Save by watching the days as they run.

THE WAY TO SING.

THE birds must know. Who wisely sings will sing
as they ;
The common air has generous wings, songs make
their way.
No messenger to run before, devising plan ;
No mention of the place or hour to any man ;
No waiting till some sound betrays a listening ear ;
No different voice, no new delays, if steps draw
near.

“What bird is that? its song is good;” and eager
eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood, in glad sur-
prise;
Then late at night, when by his fire the traveller
sits,
Watching the flame grow brighter, higher, the sweet
song flits
By snatches through his weary brain to help him
rest;
When next he goes that road again, an empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh: “Ah me!
last spring
Just here I heard, in passing by, that rare bird
sing!”
But while he sighs, remembering how sweet the
song,
The little bird, on tireless wing, is borne along
In other air, and other men with weary feet,
On other roads, the simple strain are finding sweet.
The birds must know. Who wisely sings will sing
as they;
The common air has generous wings, songs make
their way.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles a hundred-fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.

A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close ;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Better than gold is a thinking mind
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come ;
The shrine of love and the haven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

Better than gold in affliction's hour
Is the balm of love with its soothing power ;
Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows the sinking head.
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate sufferer needs not to be told
That trust in Heaven is better than gold.

THE MANLIEST MAN.

THE manliest man of all the race,
Whose heart is open as his face,
Puts forth his hand to help another.
'Tis not the blood of kith or kin ;
'Tis not the color of the skin ;
'Tis the true heart which beats within,
Which makes the man a man and brother.

His words are warm upon his lips.
His heart beats to his finger-tips.
He is a friend and loyal neighbor ;
Sweet children kiss him on the way,
And women trust him for they may ;
He owes no debt he cannot pay ;
He earns his bread with honest labor.

He lifts the fallen from the ground,
And puts his feet upon the round
Of dreaming Jacob's starry ladder,
Which lifts him higher, day by day,
Towards the bright and heavenly way,
And farther from the tempter's sway,
Which stingeth like the angry adder.

He strikes oppression to the dust,
He shares the blows aimed at the just,
He shrinks not from the post of danger ;
And in the thickest of the fight
He battles bravely for the right,
For that is mightier than might,
Though cradled in an humble manger.

Hail to the manly man! He comes
Not with the sound of horns and drums,
Though grand as any duke, and grander;
He dawns upon the world, and light
Dispels the weary gloom of night,
And ill, like bats and owls, take flight;
He's greater than great Alexander.

WINTER RAIN.

EVERY valley drinks,
Every dell and hollow;
Where the kind rain sinks and sinks
Green of spring will follow.

Yet a lapse of weeks
Buds will burst their edges,
Strip their wool-coats, glue-coats, streaks,
In the woods and hedges;

Weave a bower of love
For birds to meet each other,
Weave a canopy above
Nest and egg and mother.

But for pattering rain
We should have no flowers,
Never a bud or leaf again
But for soaking showers;

Never a mated bird
In the rocking tree-tops,
Never indeed a flock or herd
To graze upon the lea-crops.

Lambs so woolly white,
Sheep the sun-bright leas on,
They could have no grass to bite
But for rain in season.

We should find no moss
In the shadiest places,
Find no waving meadow-grass
Pied with broad-eyed daisies.

But miles of barren sand,
With never a son or daughter,
Not a lily on the land,
Or lily on the water.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

THERE's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old—so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done.
The lambs play always—they know no better—
They are only one time one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright, ah, bright! but your light is failing;
You're nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow;
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it—
I will not steal it away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

'Tis not the richest plant that folds
The sweetest breath of fragrance in;
'Tis not the fairest form that holds
The mildest, purest soul within.

A LESSON WORTH ENSHRINING.

A LESSON in itself sublime, a lesson worth enshrining,
Is this: "I take no note of Time, save when the sun
is shining."

These motto words a dial bore: and Wisdom never
preaches

To human hearts a better lore than this short sen-
tence teaches.

*As Life is sometimes bright and fair, and sometimes
dark and lonely,*

*Let us forget its toil and care, and note its bright
hours only.*

There is no grove on earth's broad chart but has
some bird to cheer it,

So Hope sings on in every heart, although we may
not hear it;

And if, to-day, the heavy wind of sorrow is o'er-
pressing,

Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring the weary heart
a blessing.

*For Life is sometimes bright and fair, and some-
times dark and lonely,*

*Then let's forget its toil and care, and note its
bright hours only.*

We bid the joyous moments haste, and then forget
their glitter;

We take the cup of life, and taste no portion but the
bitter:

But we should teach our hearts to deem its sweetest
drop the strongest,
And pleasant hours should ever seem to linger round
us longest.

*For Life is sometimes bright and fair, and some-
times dark and lonely,*

*Then let's forget its toil and care, and note its
bright hours only.*

The darkest shadows of the night are just before
the morning;

Then let us wait the coming light, all fancied phan-
toms scorning;

And while we're floating down the tide of Time's fast
ebbing river,

Let's pluck the flowers that grace its side, and thank
the gracious Giver.

*For Life is sometimes bright and fair, and some-
times dark and lonely,*

*Then let's forget its toil and care, and note its
bright hours only.*

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A HERMIT there was, and he lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy he said he had got;
As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell,
And when I came there, the old hermit said: "Well,
Young man, by your looks you want something, I see;
Now tell me the business that brings you to me."

“The way to be happy, they say, you have got,
And, as I want to learn it, I’ve come to your grot.
Now I beg and entreat, if you have such a plan,
That you’ll write it me down, as plain as you can.”
Upon which the old hermit went to his pen,
And brought me this note when he came again :

“’Tis being, and doing, and having, that make
All the pleasures and pains of which beings partake ;
To be what God pleases—to do a man’s best,
And to have a good heart—is the way to be blessed.”

THE SEA.

THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth’s wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I’m on the sea !—I’m on the sea !
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe’er I go :
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,

And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow!

I never was on thê dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born!
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sigh'd for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

ADDRESS TO THE NEW YEAR.

FRIEND, come thou like a friend;
And, whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold our patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end,
Knowing thou ledest onward to those spheres
Where there are neither days nor months nor years.

•
KEEP TRYING.

IF boys should get discouraged,
At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy became a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins the battle,
Because through thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered—
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened
Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying,
At last you will prevail;
Be stubborn against failure;
Try! Try! and try again;
The boys who keep on trying
Have made the world's best men.

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin—
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild,
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! these truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught *me* the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah, how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!

I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their songs in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

THE HONEST OLD TOAD.

OH, a queer little chap is the honest old toad,
A funny old fellow is he;
Living under the stone by the side of the road,
'Neath the shade of the old willow-tree.
He is dressed all in brown from his toe to his
crown,
Save his vest that is silvery white.

He takes a long nap in the heat of the day,
And walks in the cool, dewy night.
"Raup, yaup," says the frog,
From his home in the bog,
But the toad he says never a word;
He tries to be good, like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.

When winter draws near, Mr. Toad goes to bed,
And sleeps just as sound as a top;
But when May blossoms follow soft April showers,
He comes out with a skip, jump, and hop.
He changes his dress only once, I am told—
Every spring; and his old worn-out coat,
With trousers and waistcoat, he rolls in a ball,
And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.

“K-rruk, k-rruk,” says the frog,
From his home in the bog;
But the toad he says never a word;
He tries to be good, like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.

THE SWALLOW.

A SWALLOW in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet straw and earth and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought;
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again—and last night, hearing calls,
I looked—and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have faith, and struggle on!

OUR MOTHER'S SAMPLER.

It was wrought in silken letters,
As was the fashion then.
Stitched into our mother's sampler—
“Eliza, aged ten!”
'Twas long ago—past sixty years!
Below the name the date appears.

In “eighteen hundred twenty-three!”
We often heard her tell—
She walked two miles to school that year,
And we remember well,
How underneath the elm-tree's shade
She rested when a little maid.

Above her name the alphabet
In letters large and small,
Was wrought in red, and "true-love blue,"
And cross-stitched, one and all.
The rows divided off by lines,
Made from some old and quaint designs.

And through the summer sunshine,
And through the winter's snow,
With the sampler in her pocket,
Our mother used to go.
And afternoons, the lessons done,
She worked the letters one by one.

The stitches evenly were set,
With only here and there
A misplaced one, perhaps the count
Was lost midst childish care.
Distracting things in school, perchance,
Stole from the work a thought, a glance.

They tell me it was beautiful,
Our mother's childhood face,
And speak of all her kindly words,
Her ways of simple grace.
Could we have only seen her then,
That child, "Eliza, aged ten!"

We knew her not at morning:
But when her noon-time came,
With childish love and prattle,
We gave her the new name;

Replete with all that's pure and good—
The sacred name of motherhood.

And now the afternoon has passed :
It is the even-tide ;
Our mother has just entered in
Among the glorified.
We look her finished life-work through—
The misplaced stitches, oh, how few !

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go :
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

“CLEON AND I.”

CLEON hath a million acres—ne’er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—in a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—not a penny, I:
But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres—but the landscape, I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth money cannot buy:
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness—freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian—richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—need of none have I;
Wealth surrounded, care environed, Cleon fears to die;
Death may come—he'll find me ready—happier man
am I.

Cleon sees no charm in Nature—in a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever—earnest listener, I:
State for state, with all attendants, who would
change? Not I.

IT SNOWS.

“It snows!” cries the School-boy, “Hurrah!” and his
shout

Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call;
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy;
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow.
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health, and the riches of nature, are theirs.

“It snows!” sighs the Imbecile, “Ah!” and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer and nearer his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled towards the life-giving flame;

He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame.
Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we
live!

“It snows!” cries the Traveller, “Ho!” and the word
Has quickened his steed’s lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home ap-
pears,
Ay, though leagues intervene, he can see:
There’s the clear, glowing hearth, and the table pre-
pared,
And his wife with her babes at her knee;—
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

“It snows!” cries the Belle, “Dear, how lucky!” and
turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek
burns,
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
There are visions of conquests, of splendor, and
mirth,
Floating over each drear winter’s day;
But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snow-flakes away.
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;
That world has a pure fount ne’er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow, "O God!" and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.
'Tis night, and her fatherless ask her for bread,
But "He gives the young ravens their food;"
And she trusts till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows;
'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows!

THE FAMILY MEETING.

WE are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled—we're all *at home*;
To-night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour:
We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.

Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band;
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day:
The quiet graveyard—some lie there;
And cruel Ocean has his share:
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here!
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear.
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them as in times long past:
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold—
They're round us as they were of old:
We *are* all here.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said:
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round
Some other circle will be found.
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know
Which yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all—all *here*!

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
 " Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is that nest of 'ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat ;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call, in his merry note :
 " Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice new coat is mine ;
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
 Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :
 " Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
 Chee, chee, chee."

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
 “ Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might :
 “ Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

Soon, as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
 “ Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care ;

Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
 "Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee."

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
 "Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee."

THE BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits, old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going—
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying.

OCTOBER HERE AGAIN.

THE elms are clad in brown and gold,
The maples robed in red,
Blue asters over hill and wold
Their fringed blossoms spread;
The golden-rod still blazes bright
By every dusty way;
The dusty cricket day and night
Chants loud his silly lay.

The nests swing empty on the bough,
Each tender birdling flown;
And few the birds remaining now
To cheer with song the lone,
Dim groves, a little month ago
So joyous all the day,
With their glad voices' ceaseless flow
In chant and roundelay.

The brackens by the brooklet clear
Toss dry and withered fronds;
The sedges, tawny grown and sear,
Lean o'er the dreamful ponds.

Where many leafy shallops float
In idle, aimless quest,
As noiseless as a cloudlet-boat
Sails heaven's cerulean breast.

A haze infolds the far-off hills
That early hide the sun ;
A loneliness the valley fills
When short-lived day is done.
A month ! so ominous, yet so fair,
Soon thou must go, and we
Gaze on a world of beauty bare,
And 'reft of melody.

PERSEVERANCE.

WE must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe, golden ears,
Unless we have first been sowers,
And watered the flowers with tears.

It is not just as we take it,
This wonderful world of ours ;
Life's field will yield as we make it
A harvest of thorns or of flowers.

V.—FOR PUPILS IN HIGHER CLASSES.

“SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O ! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o’erdoing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod : pray you, avoid it.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and, in order to do that, find out first what you are now.

THINK that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

HABITS are soon assumed, but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.

THE worst of our enemies are those which we carry
about in our own hearts.

LIVE as though life were earnest, and life will be so.

FALSEHOOD may have its hour, but it has no future.

THERE'S music ever in the kindly soul;
For every deed of goodness done is like
A chord set in the heart, and joy doth strike upon it.

IF I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

THE PERFECT ORATOR.

IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended. How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject! And yet the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator, and the importance of the subject is for a while superseded by admiration for his talents.

With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and at once captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions! Not a faculty that he possesses but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify their energies.

Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy; without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence they are melted into one mass; the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is: *Let us march against Philip! let us fight for our liberties! let us conquer or die!*

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

TRUE eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it: they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible.

Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent: then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence: it is action—noble, sublime, godlike action.

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST.

THE feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
 Before each eager guest;
While silence fills the crowded hall
As deep as when the herald's call
 Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling cried: "A toast! a toast!
 To all the ladies fair.
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,
 The Ladye Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung,
 As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry
 Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
 "That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
 Like gallant knight and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
 And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
 Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now Saint Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those countless eyes:
 A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far-famed in lady's bower and hall—
 The flower of chivalry.

Saint Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:
 "I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
 Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last,
When lighter passions long have passed—
 So holy 'tis and true:
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
 Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
 With fury-flashing eye;

And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

Saint Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother!"

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

A GOLDSMITH stood where shone around
His pearls and diamonds clear;
"The brightest gem I ever found
Art thou, my pet, my Helena,
My little daughter dear!"

A dainty knight just then came in:
"Good-day, my pretty maid;
Good-day, my brave old goldsmith, too;
I need a rich set garland
My sweet bride's locks to braid."

Now when the finished garland shone
And sparkled all so bright,
And Helen could be quite alone,
Upon her arm she hung it,
And saddened at the sight.

“Ah! happy, sure, the bride will be
Who wears this pretty toy;
Ah, if the dear knight would give me
A simple wreath of roses,
Oh, I should die for joy!”

Erelong the knight came in again,
And close the garland eyed:
“My good old goldsmith, make me, then,
A little ring of diamonds
For my sweet little bride.”

And when the finished circlet shone
With precious diamonds bright,
And Helen could be quite alone,
She drew it on her finger
And saddened at the sight.

“Ah! happy, sure, the bride will be
Who wears this pretty toy;
Ah! if the dear knight would give me
A little lock of hair only,
Oh, I should die for joy!”

Erelong the knight came in again,
And close the ringlet eyed:
“I see, my good old goldsmith, then,
Thou mak'st quite beautifully
The gifts for my sweet bride.

“But that their fitness I may see,
Come, pretty maiden, now,

And let me try at once on thee
The jewels for my dearest,
For she is fair as thou."

'Twas early on a Sunday morn;
And so the maiden fair
Had put her very best dress on,
And decked herself for service
With neat and comely care.

In pretty shame, with cheek on fire,
Before him did she stand;
He placed on her the golden tire,
The ringlet on her finger,
And pressed her little hand.

"My Helen sweet! my Helen dear!
The jest is over now;
What bride shall claim the pretty gear,
The jewelled gold-bright garland
And little ring, but thou?

"With gold and pearl and precious gem,
Hast thou grown up to be—
As sweet, thou should'st have learned from
them—
The sharer of high honor,
In after-days, with me."

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

THERE was joy in the ship as she furrowed the
foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed fondly her babe to her
breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.

“Oh, happy!” said he, “when our roaming is o’er,
We’ll dwell in a cottage that stands by the shore!
Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky—
Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall,
And the kind friends awaiting to welcome us all.”

Hark! hark! what was that? Hark—hark to the
shout—
“Fire! fire!”—then a tramp and a rush and a rout,
And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
And the mother knelt down, and the half-spoken
prayer
That she offered to God in her agony wild
Was “Father, have mercy! look down on my child!”
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side;
Oh, there was her refuge whatever betide!

Fire! fire! it is raging above and below;
And the smoke and hot cinders all blindingly blow.

The cheek of the sailor grew pale at the sight,
And his eyes glistened wild in the glare of the
light.

The smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and
higher ;

O Heaven! it is fearful to perish by fire!

Alone with destruction—alone on the sea—

Great Father of Mercy, our hope is in thee!

They prayed for the light ; and at noontide, about,
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.

"A sail, ho! a sail!" cried the man on the lea,

"A sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the
sea.

"They see us! they see us! the signal is waved—

They bear down upon us. Thank God! we are
saved!"

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into
the well,

And what to say to Muca I cannot, cannot tell."

'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuarez's
daughter:

"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the
cold blue water.

To me did Muca give them when he spake his sad
farewell,

And what to say when he comes back, alas! I can-
not tell.

“My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in
silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne’er should
him forget;
That I ne’er to other tongue should list, nor smile
on other’s tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those
ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have drop-
ped them in the well,
Oh! what will Muca think of me, I cannot, cannot
tell.

“My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he’ll say they should
have been
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glitter-
ing sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining
clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance in-
sincere—
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not be-
fitting well—
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I can-
not tell.

“He’ll think when I to market went, I loitered by
the way;
He’ll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might
say;
He’ll think some other lover’s hand among my tresses
noosed,

From the ears where he had placed them, my rings
of pearl unloosed;
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

“He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muca, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! oh, luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muca, alas! I cannot tell.

“I'll tell the truth to Muca, and I hope he will believe
That I have thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well.”

THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds, that round my path-way
 roar,

Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no
 more?

Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soil may
 rest?

 The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
 And sigh'd for pity as it answer'd, "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me
 play,

Know'st thou some favor'd spot, some island far
 away,

Where weary man may find the bliss for which he
 sighs—

Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?

 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
 Stopp'd for a while, and sigh'd to answer,
 "No."

Tell me, my secret soul; oh! tell me, Hope and
 Faith,

Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and
 death?

Is there no happy spot where mortals may be
 bless'd—

Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a
 rest?

Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals
given,
Waved their bright wings, and whisper'd,
“YES, IN HEAVEN!”

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun? thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone; who can be a companion of thy course?

The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in the heavens. But thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

But thou art, perhaps, like me for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou wilt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth—age is dark and unlovely: it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills, the blast of the north is on the plains, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea and music in its roar.
I love not Man the less but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm—
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers, they to me
Were a delight; and, if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

THE INFINITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

LIGHT traverses space at the rate of twelve million miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Herschel's telescope revealed stars two thousand three hundred times farther distant. The great telescope of Lord Ross pursued these creations of God still deeper into space, and having resolved the nebulae of the Milky Way into stars, discovered other systems of stars—beautiful diamond points, glittering through the black darkness beyond. When he beheld this amazing abyss, when he saw these systems scattered profusely throughout space, when he reflected upon their immense distances, their enormous magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them, it seemed to him as though the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized.

God called up from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying, "Come up hither, and I will show thee the glory of my house." And to his angels who stood about his throne, he said, "Take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils, but touch not his human heart—the heart that fears and hopes and trembles." A moment, and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel with sound of flying pinions, he sped away from the battlements of heaven. Some time on angels' wings they flew through Saharas of darkness

—wildernesses of death. At length, from a distance not counted save in the arithmetic of heaven, light beamed upon them—a sleepy flame as seen through a hazy cloud. They hastened on in terrible speed to meet the light; the light with lesser speed came to meet them.

For a moment the blazing of suns was around them—for a moment the wheeling of planets; then came eternities of twilight; then again on the right hand and the left appeared other constellations. At last the man sank down, crying, “Angel, I can go no farther; let me lie down in the grave and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none.” “End is there none?” demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around there came a choral shout—“End there is none!” “End is there none?” demanded the angel again; “and is it this that awes thy soul? I answer, end there is none to the universe of God! Lo, also, there is no beginning!”

GRADGRIND'S IDEA OF EDUCATION.

“Now, what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts; nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir! In this life we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!”

The speaker, and the school-master, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir, with a rule and pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind, but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir!

Indeed, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts.

"Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger. "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

"Sissy Jupe, sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and courtesying.

"Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia."

"Father calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl, in a trembling voice, and with another courtesy.

"Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Grad-

grind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

"He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir."

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

"We don't want to know anything about that here. You mustn't tell us about that here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?"

"If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir."

"You mustn't tell us about the ring here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horse-breaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say."

"Oh yes, sir!"

"Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier, and horse-breaker. Give me your definition of a horse." Sissy Jupe was thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.

"Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse—Bitzer, yours."

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which irradiated Sissy.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind, "your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisors. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries

sheds hoofs too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in the mouth."

"Now, girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, "you know what a horse is."

She courtesied again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time.

The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying, he was; a government officer; always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat, always to be heard of at the bar of his little public office.

"Very well," said this gentleman, briskly, smiling and folding his arms. "That's a horse. Now, let me ask you, girls and boys, Would you paper a room with representations of horses?"

After a pause, one-half of the children cried in chorus, "Yes, sir!" upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that "yes" was wrong, cried out in a chorus, "No, sir!"—as the custom is in these examinations. "Of course not. Why wouldn't you?"

A pause. One corpulent, slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured to answer, "Because I wouldn't paper a room at all; I'd paint it."

"You *must* paper it!" said the gentleman, rather warmly.

"Yes, you must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don't tell *us* you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

"I'll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after a dismal pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses

walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?”

“Yes, sir!” from one half. “No, sir!” from the other.

“Of course not,” said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. “Why, then, you are not to see anywhere what you don’t see in fact; you are not to have anywhere what you don’t have in fact. What is called taste is only another name for fact. This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery,” said the gentleman. “Now I’ll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room, would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?”

There being a general conviction by this time that “No, sir,” was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of “No” was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said “Yes,” among them Sissy Jupe.

“Girl number twenty!” said the gentleman, smiling, in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed, and stood up.

“So you would carpet your room with representations of flowers, would you?” said the gentleman. “Why would you?”

“If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers,” returned the girl.

“And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?”

“It wouldn’t hurt them, sir. They wouldn’t crush and wither, if you please, sir. They would be the pict-

ures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy—”

“Ay, ay, ay! but you mustn’t fancy,” cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. “That’s it! You are never to fancy.”

“You are not, Cecilia Jupe,” Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, “to do anything of that kind.”

“You are to be in all things regulated and governed,” said the gentleman, “by Fact. You must discard the word ‘fancy’ altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You don’t walk upon flowers, in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down the walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use,” said the gentleman, “for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colors) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste.”

Good name in man or woman
Is the immediate jewel of the soul.
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something—
nothing;
'Twas mine—'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

THE NEW YEAR.

RING out, O bells, ring silver-sweet o'er hill and moor
and fell!

In mellow echoes, let your chimes their hopeful story
tell.

Ring out, ring out, all-jubilant, this joyous glad re-
frain:

"A bright new year, a glad new year, hath come to
us again!"

Ah, who can say how much of joy within it there
may be

Stored up for us, who listen now to your sweet
melody?

Good-bye, Old Year! Tried, trusty friend, thy tale
at last is told.

O, New Year, write thou thine for us in lines of
brightest gold.

The flowers of spring must bloom at last, when gone
the winter's snow;

God grant that after sorrow past, we all some joy
may know,

Though tempest-tossed our bark a while on life's
rough waves may be,

There comes a day of calm at last, when we the
haven see.

Then ring, ring on, O pealing bells! There's music
in the sound.
Ring on, ring on, and still ring on, and wake the
echoes round,
The while we wish, both for ourselves and all whom
we hold dear,
That God may gracious be to us in this the bright
new year.

TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had, for a moment, awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under the garter king-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the upper house, as the upper house then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way—

Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl-marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art.

There were seated around the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a senate which had still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.

There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his

labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue.

He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the Court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the great picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, “a mind calm amid difficulties.”

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings of the Court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire

of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the company and of the English presidencies.

Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration even from the stern and hostile chancellor, and for a moment seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit.

At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded: "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden underfoot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work—
Till the brain begins to swim,
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

“Oh, men, with sisters dear!
Oh, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

“But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags—
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

“Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!

Band and gusset and seam,
Seam and gusset and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

“Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one sweet hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sung this “Song of the Shirt.”

THE RIDE TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
“Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

’Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, ’twas morning as plain as could be;

And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half
chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his long head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the bright brittle stubble like
chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his
roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad
or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground,

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

ZENOBIA'S DEFENCE.

I AM charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Whoever achieved anything great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra, but of the East. That I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra? I am applauded by you all for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less.

But why pause here? Is so much ambition praiseworthy and more criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine on the other? Were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win? Rome has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, I mean that the Mediterranean shall not hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right—I would that the world were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask, nor fear the answer, Whom have I wronged? What province have I oppressed, what city pillaged, what region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or whose estates have I coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I violated? I dwell, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces that I reign not more over you than within you. The foundation of my throne is not more power than love.

Suppose, now, my ambition should add another province to our realm. Would that be an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourself and the late royal Odenatus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry which here seeks its market.

This is no vain boasting; receive it not so, good friends. It is but the truth. He who traduces himself sins in the same way as he who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I

have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and I will bear it.

But I have spoken that you may know your queen, not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you, then, that I am ambitious, that I crave dominion, and while I live will reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too—you can bear me witness that I do—that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's
come hame,

And a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unkent by my gude man, wha soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his
bride,

But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound—oh, they were baith
for me.

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brake his arm—our cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea,
And Auld Robin Gray, oh, he came a-courting me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin—
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in
his ee,
Said, "Jeanie, oh, for their sakes, will ye marry me?"

My heart it said Na, and I look'd for Jamie back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship it proved a
wrack;
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
And wherefore am I spared to cry, oh wae is me?

My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to
break;
They gied him my hand—but my heart was in the sea—
And so Auld Robin Gray was a gude man to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

Oh, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa':
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to dee,
For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young—
wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin,
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh, he is sae kind to me!

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its
latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior
lay—
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er
been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength
had spent.

“They come around me here, and say my days of
life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my
band no more:
They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me
now that I,
Their own liege-lord and master born, that I—Ha,
ha!—must die.

“And what is Death? I've dared him oft before
the Paynim spear:
Think ye he's entered at my gate—has come to
seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight
was raging hot:
I'll try his might, I'll brave his power, defy, and
fear him not!

“Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the
culverin;
Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vas-
sal in!
Up with my banner on the wall; the banquet-board
prepare;
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my
armor there!”

An hundred hands were busy then: the banquet
forth was spread,
And rang the heavy oaken floor with many a mar-
tial tread;
While from the rich dark tracery, along the vaulted
wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o’er
the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed
retainers poured,
On through the portal’s frowning arch, and thronged
around the board;
While at its head, within his dark carved oaken
chair of state,
Armed *cap-à-pie*, stern Rudiger, with gilded falchion,
sate.

“Fill every beaker up, my men! pour forth the
cheering wine!
There’s life and strength in every drop—thanksgiv-
ing to the vine!

Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are
waxing dim.
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet
to the brim!

“Ye’re there, but yet I see you not: forth draw
each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once
around my board!
I hear it faintly: louder yet! What clogs my heavy
breath?
Up, all, and shout for Rudiger, ‘Defiance unto
Death!’”

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose
a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the
flags on high:
“Ho! cravens! Do you fear him? Slaves! traitors!
have ye flown?
Ho! cowards! have ye left me to meet him here
alone?

“But I defy him! let him come!” Down rang the
massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flash-
ing half-way up;
And with the black and heavy plumes scarce trem-
bling on his head,
There in his dark carved oaken chair, old Rudiger
sat—dead!

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

I call that mind free which masters the senses ; which protects itself against animal appetites ; which penetrates beneath the body, and recognizes its own reality and greatness ; which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

I call that mind free which escapes the bondage of matter ; which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison-wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds, in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

I call that mind free which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers ; which calls no man master ; which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come ; which receives new truth as an angel from heaven ; which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies.

I call that mind free which sets no bounds to its love ; which is not imprisoned in itself, or in a sect, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of his children ; which delights in virtue, and sympathizes with suffering wherever it is seen ; which conquers pride, anger, and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free which is not passively framed

by outward circumstances ; which is not swept away by the torrents of events ; which is not the creature of accidental impulse ; but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

I call that mind free which protects itself against the usurpations of society ; which does not cower to human opinion ; which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's ; which respects a higher law than fashion ; which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few.

I call that mind free which, through confidence in God and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong-doing ; which no menace or peril can enthrall ; which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself, though all else be lost.

I call that mind free which resists the bondage of habit ; which does not mechanically repeat itself and copy the past ; which does not live on its old virtues ; which does not enslave itself to precise rules ; but which forgets what is behind, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

I call that mind free which is jealous of its own freedom ; which guards itself from being merged in others ; which guards its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world.

In fine, *I call that mind free* which, conscious of its affinity with God, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers ; which passes the bounds of time and death ; which hopes to advance forever ; and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

COME hither, Evan Cameron! Come, stand beside
my knee.

I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry
sea;

There's shouting on the mountain-side, there's war
within the blast;

Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past;

I hear the pibroch wailing amid the din of fight,

And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of
night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host through wild
Lochaber's snows

What time the plaided clans came down to battle
with Montrose;

I've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the
broad claymore,

And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's
shore;

I've told thee how we swept Dundee and tamed the
Lindsays' pride;

But never have I told thee yet how the Great Marquis
died.

A traitor sold him to his foes. Oh, deed of deathless
shame!

I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of
Assynt's name—

Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armèd
men—

Face him as thou wouldst face the man who wronged
thy sire's renown :

Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the
caitiff down.

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound
with hempen span,

As though they held a lion there, and not an un-
armed man ;

They set him high upon a cart ; the hangman rode
below ;

They drew his hands behind his back and bared his
noble brow ;

Then, as a hound is slipped from leash, they cheered—
the common throng—

And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him
pass along.

But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked
so great and high,

So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,
The rabble rout forbore to shout, and each man held
his breath,

For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face
with Death ;

And then a mournful shudder through all the people
crept,

And some that came to scoff at him now turned aside
and wept.

Had I been there with sword in hand and fifty Cam-
erons by,
That day through high Dun Edin's streets had pealed
the slogan cry:
Not all their troops of trampling horse nor might of
mailed men—
Not all the rebels in the South—had borne us back-
ward then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as
free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around
him there.

It might not be. They placed him next within the
solemn hall
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amid
their nobles all;
But there was dust of vulgar feet on that polluted
floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men
sat before.
With savage glee came Warristoun to read the mur-
derous doom,
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of
the room.

Now, by my faith as belted knight, and by the name
I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross that waves
above us there,
Yes, by a greater, mightier oath—and, oh, that such
should be!—

By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt
you and me,
I have not sought in battle-field a wreath of such
renown,
Nor hoped I, on my dying day, to win a martyr's
crown !

The morning dawned full darkly; the rain came flash-
ing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt lit up the
gloomy town;
The thunder crashed across the heaven; the fatal
hour was come;
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat, the 'larum of the
drum.
There was madness on the earth below, and anger in
the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor, came forth to
see him die.

Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet! how dismal 'tis to
see
The great, tall, spectral skeleton, the ladder, and the
tree!
Hark! hark! It is the clash of arms; the bells begin
to toll:
He is coming! He is coming! God's mercy on his
soul!
One last long peal of thunder: the clouds are cleared
away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down amid the
dazzling day.

He is coming! He is coming! Like a bridegroom
from his room
Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the
doom :
There was glory on his forehead, there was lustre in
his eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to
die ;
There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of
all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass, that great
and goodly man !

A beam of light fell o'er him like a glory round the
shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder as it were the path
to heaven ;
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning
thunder-roll,
And no man dared to look aloft, for fear was on ev-
ery soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush, and then a
groan,
And darkness swept across the sky ; the work of
death was done !

“EDUCATION is at home a friend, abroad an introduc-
tion, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament.”

“KEEP only such pride as shall ever rise above all
taint of falsehood and meanness, and give you that
true dignity—a stainless name.”

LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had
none—

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River, where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong brides-men and kinsmen, and brothers and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
“ Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? ”

“ I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now am I come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar. ”

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
“Now tread me a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered, “ ’Twere better by
far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Loch-
invar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger
stood near,

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
“She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan ;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran ;

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

AN OLD ROUNDSMAN'S STORY.

So you're a writer, and you think I could
Tell you some story of the Christmas-time—
Something that happened to myself, which you,
Having the rhyming knack, might put in rhyme?

Well, you are right. But of the yarns I mind
The most are best untold, they are so sad;
My beat's the shadiest in town, you know,
Among the very poor and very bad.

And yet from one of its worst places, where
Thieves gather who go round with murd'rous knives,
A blessing came one Christmas Day that brought
My wife and me the sunshine of our lives.

The night before, I had at last run down
Lame Jim, the captain of a river gang,
Who never had been caught, although his deeds
Were such that he deserved for them to hang.

And as he sprang upon the dock I sprang
Like lightning after him, and in a trice
Fell through a trap-door, and went sliding down
Upon a plank as slippery as ice.

I drew my pistol as I slid, and when
I struck the earth again, "Hands up!" I cried;
"I've got you now," and at the same time flashed
The light of a dark lantern every side.

I'd landed in a big square room, but no
Lame Jim nor any other rough was there;
But from some blankets spread upon the floor
A child looked up at me with wond'ring stare—

A little girl with eyes that shone like stars,
And sweet pale face, and curly, golden head.
“Why did you come so fast? You woke me up,
And scared me too,” in lisping words she said.

“But *now* I am not scared, for I know you:
You're Santa Claus. My stocking's on the wall.
I wish you Merry Christmas. Where's my toys?
I hope you've brought a lovely cup and ball.”

I never was so taken 'back, I vow;
And while I speechless stood, Jim got away.
“Who are you, pretty one?” at last I asked.
“I? Don't you know? Why, I am little May.

“My mother died the other night, and went
To heaven; and Jim, my father, brought me
here.

It isn't a nice place: I'm 'fraid of it,
For everything's so lonely and so queer.

“But I remembered it was Christmas Eve,
And hoped you'd find me, though I thought be-
cause

There was no chimney you might not. But oh!
I'm glad you did, dear Mr. Santa Claus.”

Well, Captain Jim escaped—the law, I mean,
But not a higher power: he was drowned.
And on his body near his heart, poor wretch,
The picture of his baby girl was found.

And that dear baby girl went home with me,
And never was a gift more precious given;
For childless had that home been many years,
And so she seemed sent to it straight from heaven.

God's ways are wonderful. From rankest soil
There often grows a flower sweet and bright.
But I must go, my time is nearly up.
A Merry Christmas to you, and good-night.

CONEMAUGH.

“FLY to the mountain! Fly!”
Terribly rang the cry.
The electric soul of the wire
Quivered like sentient fire.
The soul of the woman who stood
Face to face with the flood
Answered to the shock
Like the eternal rock.
For she stayed
With her hand on the wire,
Unafraid,
Flashing the wild word down
Into the lower town.
Is there a lower yet and another?
Into the valley she and none other

Can hurl the warning cry :
"Fly to the mountain! Fly!
The water from Conemaugh
Has opened its awful jaw.
The dam is wide
On the mountain-side!"

"Fly for *your* life, oh, fly!"
They said.
She lifted her noble head :
"I can stay at my post, and die."

Face to face with duty and death,
Dear is the drawing of human breath.
"Steady, my hand! Hold fast
To the trust upon thee cast.
Steady, my wire! Go, say
That death is on the way!
Steady, strong wire! Go, save!
Grand is the power you have!"

Grander the soul that can stand
Behind the trembling hand;
Grander the woman who dares;
Glory her high name wears.
"*This message is my last!*"
Shot over the wire, and passed
To the listening ear of the land.
The mountain and the strand
Reverberate the cry :
"*Fly for your lives, oh, fly!*
I stay at my post, and die."

The torrent took her. God knows all.
Fiercely the savage currents fall
To muttering calm. Men count their dead.
The June sky smileth overhead.
God's will we neither read nor guess.
Poorer by one more hero less,
We bow the head, and clasp the hand:
"Teach us, altho' we die, to stand."

ENERGY.

By energy I mean application, attention, activity, perseverance, and untiring industry in that business or pursuit, whatever it may be, which is undertaken. Nothing great or good can ever be accomplished without labor and toil. Motion is the law of living nature. Inaction is the symbol of death, if it is not death itself. The hugest engines, with strength and capacity sufficient to drive the mightiest ships across the stormy deep, are utterly useless without a moving power.

Energy is the steam-power, the motive principle of intellectual capacity. It is the propelling force; and as in physics momentum is resolvable into velocity and quantity of matter, so in metaphysics the extent of human accomplishment may be resolvable into the degree of intellectual endowment and the energy with which it is directed. A small body driven by a great force will produce a result equal to, or even greater than, that of a much larger body moved by a considerably less force. So it is with minds. Hence we often see men of comparatively small capacity, by

greater energy alone, leave—and justly leave—their superiors in natural gifts far behind them in the race for honors, distinction, and preferment.

This is the real vital force, or that principle in human nature which gives power and vim to the efforts of genius, towards whatever objects such efforts may be directed. It is this which imparts that quality which we designate by the very expressive term, “force of character,” which meets, defies, and bears down all opposition. This is, perhaps, the most striking characteristic of those great minds and intellects which never fail to impress their names, their views, ideas, and opinions indelibly upon the history of the times in which they live.

Men of this class are those pioneers of thought who sometimes, even “in advance of the age,” are known and marked in history as originators and discoverers, or those who overturn old orders and systems of things and build up new ones. To this class belong Columbus, Watt, Fulton, Franklin, and Washington. It was to the same class that General Jackson belonged; for he not only had a clear conception of his purpose, but a will and energy to execute it. And it is in the same class, or among the first order of men, that Henry Clay will be assigned a place.

Mr. Clay’s success, and those civic achievements which will render his name as lasting as the history of his country, were the result of nothing so much as that element of character which I have denominated energy. Thrown upon life at an early age, without any means or resources save his natural powers and abilities, and without the advantages of anything

above a common-school education, he had nothing to rely on but himself, and nothing upon which to place a hope but his own exertions. But, fired with a high and noble ambition, he resolved, young as he was, and cheerless as were his prospects, to meet and surmount every embarrassment and obstacle by which he was surrounded.

His aims and objects were high, and worthy of the greatest efforts; they were not to secure the laurels won on the battle-field, but those wreaths which adorn the brow of the wise, the firm, the sagacious, and far-seeing statesman. In his life and character a most striking example is presented of what energy and indomitable perseverance can do, even when opposed by the most adverse circumstances.

THE SIOUX CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

Two gray hawks ride the rising blast;
Dark cloven clouds drive to and fro
By peaks pre-eminent in snow;
A sounding river rushes past;
A lone lodge tops a windy hill;
A tawny maiden, mute and still,
Stands waiting at the river's brink,
As weird and wild as you can think;
A mighty chief is at her feet;
She does not heed him wooing so—
She hears the dark, wild waters flow;
She waits her lover, tall and fleet,
From o'er yon beaming hill of snow.

He comes! The grim chief springs in air—
His brawny arm, his blade is bare.
She turns; she lifts her small brown hand;
She looks him fairly in the face;
She moves her foot a little pace,
And says, with coldness and command,
“There’s blood enough in this lorn land.

“But see! a test of strength and skill
In storm-born waters now I will
Give you, and you. Stand either side.
Stand left and right. Now peer you low
Across the waters wild and wide.
See, dipping, dripping in the stream,
A bough of blood-red berries gleam.
Now this, brave men, shall be the test:
Plunge in the stream, bear knife in teeth
To cut yon bough for bridal wreath.
Plunge in, and he who bears him best,
And brings yon ruddy bough to land
The first, shall have both heart and hand.”

Now one throws robes with spiteful air,
And winds red fox-tails in his hair;
But one, with face of proud delight,
Entwines a plume of snowy white.
And swift each proud, impatient brave
Leaps headlong in the sounding wave.
And now they dive, dive long, and now
They shake the foam from dripping brow.
They near the shore at last; and now
The foam flies spouting from a face
That, laughing, lifts from out the race.

The race is won, the work is done!
She sees her lover's plume of snow;
She cries aloud, she laughing cries,
And tears are streaming from her eyes:
"I see him clutch the bended bough!
'Tis cleft! he turns—is coming now!

"Oh, come, my white-crowned hero, come!
Come back to me! My lips are dumb,
My hands are helpless with despair;
The hair you kissed, my long, strong hair,
Is reaching to the rushing tide
That you may reach it when you come.

"How slow he buffets back the wave!
O God, he fails! O Heaven, save
My brave, brave love! He rises! See!
Hold fast, my love! Strike! strike for me!
Strike straight this way! Strike firm and strong!
Hold fast your strength. It is not long—

"Great Spirit, what is this I dread?
Why, there is blood! the wave is red!
That wrinkled chief, outstripped in race,
Dives down, and hiding from my face,
Strikes underneath! . . . He rises now!
Now plucks my hero's ruddy bough,
And lifts aloft his red fox-head,
And signals he has won for me.
Hist, softly! Let him come and see.

* * * * *

“And did I dream, and do I wake?
Or did I wake, and now but dream?
And what is this crawls from the stream?
What, you! The red fox at my feet?
Oh, here is some mad, mad mistake!
That blade has blood between your teeth!
What! You have brought your bride a wreath?
You sly red fox, revenge is sweet!

“Lie still! lie still, till I lean o’er,
And clutch your red blade to the shore. . . .
Ha, ha! Take that! and that! and that!
Ha, ha! So, through your coward throat
The full day shines! . . . Two fox-tails float
And drift and drive far down the stream,
And all life seems some dreadful dream.

“But what is this? What snow white plume
Climbs up from out the watery tomb,
So weary, wounded, bent, and slow?
It is! it is his plume of snow!
His feet are on the land, his hand
In mine, his face is to my face,
And who shall now dispute the race?
My love shall heal his wounded breast,
And in yon tall lodge two shall rest.”

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

BUT the consul's brow was sad,
And the consul's speech was low;
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe:
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—

A Ramnian proud was he:

“Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,

And keep the bridge with thee.”

And out spake strong Herminius—

Of Titian blood was he:

“I will abide on thy left side,

And keep the bridge with thee.”

“Horatius,” quoth the consul,

“As thou sayest, so let it be.”

And straight against that great array

Forth went the dauntless three.

For Romans, in Rome’s quarrel,

Spared neither land nor gold,

Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,

In the brave days of old.

Now, while the three were tightening

Their harness on their backs,

The consul was the foremost man

To take in hand an axe;

And Fathers mixed with Commons

Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,

And smote upon the planks above,

And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile, the Tuscan army,

Right glorious to behold,

Came, flashing back the noonday light,

Rank behind rank, like surges bright

Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array:
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes:
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose;
Six spear lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,

And now for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur;
And lo! the ranks divide,
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the four-fold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans—
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stands savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius
And smote with all his might:
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh:
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space ;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth and skull and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak :
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread,
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! Back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
Herminius darted back ;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder,
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face,
“Now yield thee!” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And as he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:—

“O Tiber! Father Tiber!

To whom the Romans pray!
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
So he spake, and speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sextus;
“Will not the villain drown?”

But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers,
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow:
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;

When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the good-man mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the good-wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom—
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered,
"Tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow ;
Vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—
Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
Terrors, never felt before ;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating,
“ ’Tis some visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door ;
This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger ;
Hesitating then no longer,
“ Sir,” said I, “ or Madam, truly
Your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you.”—
Here I opened wide the door ;—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals
Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
Was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo
Murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping,
Something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely, that is
Something at my window lattice;
Let me see then, what thereat is,
And this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment,
And this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven
Of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he;
Not a minute stopped or stayed he
But, with mien of lord or lady,
Perched above my chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore,
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven,
Wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the night’s Plutonian shore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—
Little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing
Bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
Bust above his chamber door,
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely
On that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in
That one word he did outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered,
Not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered,
 "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me,
 As my Hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters
 Is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master
Whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster
 Till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that
 Melancholy burden bore
 Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling.
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
 Front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
 What this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
 Gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
Burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining
That the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining,
With the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim, whose footfalls
Tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—
By these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe
From thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe,
And forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether
Tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—
Tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?
Tell me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!—
By that heaven that bends above us,
By that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden,
If, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden,
Whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend," I shrieked, upstarting;
"Get thee back into the tempest
And the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—
Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and
Take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming
 Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow,
 That lies floating on the floor,
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

KING CANUTE.

KING CANUTE was weary-hearted: he had reigned
for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much
and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the
wild sea-shore.

On that day a something vexed him: that was clear
to old and young;
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table when his fav-
orite gleemen sung;
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he
bade her hold her tongue.

“Something ails my gracious master,” cried the
Keeper of the Seal.
“Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner
or the veal.”
“Pshaw!” exclaimed the angry monarch. “Keeper,
’tis not that I feel.

'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth
my rest impair.

Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know
no care?

Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." Some one cried,
"The King's arm-chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my Lord
the Keeper nodded:

Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by
two footmen able-bodied;

Languidly he sank into it—it was comfortably wad-
ded.

"Ah! I feel," said old King Canute, "that my end
is drawing near."

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each
to squeeze a tear);

"Sure your grace is strong and lusty, and may live
this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with ac-
tions made to suit.

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak
of King Canute?

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Ma-
jesty will do't.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor
can compete:

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean
upon their feet:

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his highness think it meet.

“Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,

And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will.”

“Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?”
Canute cried;

“Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?

If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

“Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?”

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, “Land and sea, my lord, are thine.”

Canute turned towards the ocean. “Back!” he said,
“thou foaming brine!

“From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master’s seat:

Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!”

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,

And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling, sounding
on the shore;
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King
and courtiers bore;

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to
human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth
and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire never wore he
from that day.

THE EARL O' QUARTERDECK.

THE wind it blew, and the ship it flew;
And it was "Hey for hame!
And ho for hame!" But the skipper cried,
"Haud her oot o'er the saut sea faem."

Then up and spoke the King himsel',
"Haud on for Dumferline!"
Quo' the skipper, "Ye're king upo' the land—
I'm king upo' the brine."

And he took the helm intil his hand,
And he steered the ship sae free;
Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,
And stood right out to sea.

Quo' the King: "There's treason in this, I vow;
This is something underhand!

'Bout ship!" Quo' the skipper, "Yer Grace forgets
Ye are king but o' the land!"

And still he held to the open sea;
And the east wind sank behind;
And the west had a bitter word to say,
Wi' a white-sea-roarin' wind,

And he turned her head into the north.
Said the King, "Gar fling him o'er."
Quo' the fearless skipper: "It's a' ye're worth!
Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more."

The King crept down the cabin stair,
To drink the gude French wine.
And up she came, his daughter fair,
And luiket ower the brine.

She turned her face to the drivin' hail,
To the hail but and the weet;
Her snood it brak', and as lang's hersel',
Her hair drave out i' the sleet.

She turned her face frae the drivin' wind—
"What's that ahead?" quo' she.
The skipper he threw himsel' frae the wind,
And he drove the helm a-lee.

"Put to yer hand, my lady fair!
Put to yer hand," quo' he;
"Gin she dinna face the win' the mair,
It's the waur for you and me."

For the skipper kenned that strength is strength,
Whether woman's or man's, at last.
To the tiller the lady she laid her hand,
And the ship laid her cheek to the blast.

For the slender body was full o' soul,
And the will is mair than shape,
As the skipper saw when they cleared the berg,
And he heard her quarter scrape.

Quo' the skipper, "Ye are a lady fair,
And a princess grand to see;
But ye are a woman, and a man wad sail
To hell in your company."

She liftit a pale and a queenly face;
Her een flashed, and syne they swam.
"And what for no too heaven?" she says,
And she turned awa' frae him.

But she took na her hand frae the good ship's helm
Until the day did daw';
And the skipper he spak', but what he said
It was said atween them twa.

And then the good ship she lay to,
With the land far on the lee;
And up came the King upo' the deck,
Wi' wan face and bluidshot ee.

The skipper he louted to the King:
"Gae wa', gae wa'," said the King.

Said the King like a prince: "I was a' wrang.
Put on this ruby ring."

And the wind blew lowne, and the stars came out,
And the ship turned to the shore;
And afore the sun was up again
They saw Scotland ance more.

That day the ship hung at the pier-heid,
And the King he stept on the land.
"Skipper, kneel down," the King he said.
"Hoo daur ye afore me stand?"

The skipper he louted on his knee;
The King his blade he drew:
Said the King: "How daured ye contre me?
I'm aboard my ain ship noo!

"I canna mak' ye king," said he,
"For the Lord alone can do that;
And, forby, ye took it intil yer ain han',
And crooned yersel' sae pat!

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my ring:
For ance I am your beck.
But first, as ye loutit Skipper o' Doon,
Rise up Yearl o' Quarterdeck."

The skipper he rose and looked at the King—
In his een for all his croon:
Said the skipper, "Here is your Grace's ring,
And yer daughter is my boon."

The reid blude sprang into the King's face—
A wrathful man to see:
"The rascal loon abuses our grace;
Gae hang him upo' yon tree."

The skipper he sprang aboard his ship,
And he drew his biting blade;
And he struck the chain that held her fast;
But the iron was ower weel made.

And the King he blew a whistle loud;
And tramp, tramp, down the pier,
Cam' twenty riders on twenty steeds,
Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

"He saved your life!" cried the lady fair;
"His life ye daurna spill!"
"Will ye come atween me and my hate?"
Quo' the lady, "And that I will!"

And on came the knights wi' spur and spear,
For they heard the iron ring.
"Gin ye care na for yer father's grace,
Mind ye that I am the King."

"I kneel to my father for his grace,
Right lowly on my knee;
But I stand and look the King in the face,
For the skipper is king o' me."

She turned and she sprang upo' the deck,
And the cable splashed i' the sea.

The good ship spread her wings sae white,
And awa' wi' the skipper goes she.

Now, was not this a king's daughter?
And a brave lady beside?
And a woman with whom a man might sail
Into high heaven wi' pride?

MARTIN'S PUZZLE.

THERE she goes up the street with her book in her
hand,
And her Good-morning, Martin! Ay, lass, how d'ye
do?

VERY well, thank you, Martin!—I can't understand!
I might just as well never have cobbled a shoe!
I can't understand it. She talks like a song;
Her voice takes your ear like the ring of a glass;
She seems to give gladness while limping along,
Yet sinner ne'er suffer'd like that little lass.

FIRST a fool of a boy ran her down with a cart;
Then her fool of a father—a blacksmith by trade—
Why the deuce does he tell us it half broke his heart?
His heart!—where's the leg of the poor little maid?
Well, that's not enough; they must push her down-
stairs,
To make her go crooked. But why count the list?
If it's right to suppose that our human affairs
Are all ordered by Heaven—there, bang goes my
fist!

For if angels can look on such sights—never mind!

When you're next to blaspheming, it's best to be
mum.

The parson declares that her woes weren't designed;

But, then, with the parson it's all kingdom-come.

Lose a leg, save a soul—a convenient text;

I call it Tea doctrine, not savoring of God.

When poor little Molly wants "chastening," why,
next

The Archangel Michael might taste of the rod.

But to see the poor darling go limping for miles

To read books to sick people!—and just of an
age

When girls learn the meaning of ribbons and smiles!

Makes me feel like a squirrel that turns in a cage—

The more I push thinking the more I revolve:

I never get farther. And as to her face,

It starts up when near on my puzzle I solve,

And says, "This crush'd body seems such a sad
case."

Not that she's for complaining: she reads to earn
pence;

And from those who can't pay, simple thanks are
enough.

Does she leave lamentation for chaps without sense?

Howsoever, she's made up of wonderful stuff.

Ay, the soul in her body must be a stout cord:

She sings little hymns at the close of the day,

Though she has but three fingers to lift to the Lord,

And only one leg to kneel down with to pray.

What I ask is, Why persecute such a poor dear,
If there's law above all? Answer that if you can!
Irreligious I'm not; but I look on this sphere
As a place where a man should just think like a
man.
It isn't fair dealing! But, contrariwise,
Do bullets in battle the wicked select?
Why, then, it's all chance-work! And yet, in her
eyes,
She holds a fixed something by which I am
checked.

Yonder ribbon of sunshine aslope on the wall,
If you eye it a minute 'll have the same look:
So kind! and so merciful! God of us all!
It's the very same lesson we get from the Book.
Then, is life but a trial? Is that what is meant?
Some must toil, and some perish, for others below;
The injustice to each spreads a common content;
Ay! I've lost it again, for it can't be quite so.

She's the victim of fools: that seems nearer the
mark.
On earth there are engines and numerous fools.
Why the Lord can permit them, we're still in the
dark;
He does, and in some sort of way they're his tools.
It's a roundabout way, with respect let me add,
If Molly goes crippled that we may be taught;
But, perhaps, it's the only way, though it's so bad;
In that case we'll bow down our heads—as we
ought.

But the worst of *me* is, that when I bow my head,
I perceive a thought wriggling away in the dust,
And I follow its tracks, quite forgetful, instead,
Of humble acceptance; for, question I must!
Here's a creature made carefully—carefully made!
Put together with craft, and then stamped on, and
why?
The answer seems nowhere; it's discord that's played.
The sky's a blue dish!—an implacable sky!

Stop a moment. I seize an idea from the pit.
They tell us that discord, though discord, alone
Can be harmony when the notes properly fit.
Am I judging all things from a single false tone?
Is the universe one immense organ, that rolls
From devils to angels? I'm blind with the sight;
It pours such a splendor on heaps of poor souls!
I might try at kneeling with Molly to-night.

LULLABY.

I WAS loun'g'n amongst m' pillows,
Coax'n' sleep with many a sigh,
'N' some one 'n th' room above me
Was a-sing'n' a lullyby;
'N' I cud hear th' cradle a-rock'n'—
Creakety, creakety, to 'n' fro,
'N' th' woman a-sing'n' "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go."

Ther' wasn't a mite of a carpit
Awn th' floor o' thet room, yuh bet,

'N' th' reg'lar swing o' th' cradle,
W'y, I kin almos' hear 't yet;
'N' th' sleepy coo o' th' baby
Thet was bein' swung to 'n' fro,
T' th' wonderful music o' "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go."

Yuh wouldn't a thought thet a feller
Thet's got down 's low 's I
Would 'a felt kinder queer 'cause a woman
Was a-sing'n' a lullyby!
'N' 't first I felt jest like swear'n',
Thet a hotel shud treat me so,
For I cudn't hear noth'n' but "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go."

But 't seemed ter git soft'r 'n' low'r,
'N' kinder familyer too,
Wi' th' cradle a-goin' slow'r,
Jest like my cradle ust ter do,
Till I cud almos' feel th' motion,
Rock-a-bye—rock-a-bye—to 'n' fro,
'N' my mother a-sing'n', "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go

Fur she sung 't t' "I love Jesus,"
Jest 's my mother ust ter do.
'N' 't set my heart all ter ach'n',
'N' th' tears to com'n' too;
'N' I jest *wisht* I cud slouch back thar,
'N' my mother cud set thar 'n' sew,
'N' I cud hear her, jest oncet, sing'n' "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go."

THE TWO GATES.

A PILGRIM once (so runs an ancient tale),
Old, worn, and spent, crept down a shadowed vale:
On either hand rose mountains bleak and high;
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky;

The path was rugged, and his feet were bare;
His faded cheek was seamed by pain and care;
His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast,
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock
The pilgrim who had crept that toilsome way;
But while his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an outlet, in the mountain side
A ponderous sculptured brazen door he spied,
And tottering towards it with fast-failing breath,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF DEATH."

He could not stay his feet, that led thereto:
It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair:
Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air;
And, lo! the blood of youth was in his veins,
And he was clad in robes that held no stains
Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned:
Behold! a golden door behind him burned

In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes,
Now lustreful and clear as those new skies,
Free from the mists of age, of care, and strife,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF LIFE."

THE FRIEND OF MY HEART.

Commend me to the friend that comes
When I am sad and lone,
And makes the anguish of my heart
The suffering of his own;
Who coldly shuns the glittering throng
At pleasure's gay levee,
And comes to gild a sombre hour
And give his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er,
And when the task is done
He freely gives me all I ask—
A sigh for every one.
He cannot wear a smiling face
When mine is touched with gloom,
But, like the violet, seeks to cheer
The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart
Which, like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every change of sky;
Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But, like the winter's icy crown,
Looks greener through the snow.

He flies not with the flitting stork
That seeks a Southern sky,
*But lingers where the wounded bird
Hath laid him down to die.*
Oh, such a friend! He is, in truth,
Whate'er his lot may be:
A rainbow on the storm of life,
An anchor on its sea.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

WITHIN my home that empty seemed, I sat
And prayed for greater blessings. All
That was mine own seemed poor and mean and
small;
And I cried out rebelliously for that

I had not, saying if great gifts of gold
Were only mine, journeys in far-off lands
Were also mine, with rest for burdened hands.
If love, the love I craved would come and fold

Its arms around me; then would joy abide
With me forever; peace would come and bless,
And life would round out from this narrowness
Into a fulness new and sweet and wide.

And so I fretted 'gainst my simple lot,
And so I prayed for fairer, broader ways,
Making a burden of the very days,
In mad regret for that which I had not.

And then one came unto my humble door
And asked to enter. "Art thou love?" I cried,
"Or wealth, or fame? Else shalt thou be denied."
She answered, "Nay, my child; but I am more.

"Open to me, I pray; make me thy guest,
And thou shalt find, although no gift of gold,
Or fame, or love, within my hand I hold,
That with my coming cometh all the best

"That thou hast longed for." Fair, tho' grave her face,
Soft was her voice, and in her steadfast eyes
I saw the look of one both true and wise.
My heart was sore, and so, with tardy grace,

I bade her enter. How transfigured
Seemed now the faithful love that at my feet
So long had lain unprized! How wide and sweet
Shone the small paths wherein I had been led!

Duty grew beautiful; with calm consent
I saw the distant wealth of land and sea.
But all fair things seemed given unto me
The hour I clasped the hand of dear Content.

Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion:
What airs in dress and gait wud lea'e us
An' ev'n devotion!

THE OLD WAYS AND THE NEW.

I'VE just come in from the meadow, wife, where the
grass is tall and green ;
I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new ma-
chine ;
It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower
mow,
And I heaved a sigh for the scythe I swung some
twenty years ago.

Many and many's the day I've mowed 'neath the
rays of a scorching sun,
Till I thought my poor old back would break ere my
task for the day was done ;
I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over
the farm,
Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the
old pain come in my arm.

It was hard work, it was slow work, a-swingin' the
old scythe then ;
Unlike the mower that went through the grass like
death through the ranks of men !
I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at
its speed and power ;
The work that it took me a day to do, it done in one
short hour.

John said that I hadn't seen the half ; when he puts
it into his wheat,
I shall see it reap and rake it, and put it in bundles neat ;

Then soon a Yankee will come along, and set to work
and larn .
To reap it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it
into the barn.

John kinder laughed when he said it ; but I said to
the hired men,
“ I have seen so much on my pilgrimage through my
threescore years and ten,
That I wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the air,
Or a Yankee in a flyin' ship, a-goin' most anywhere.”

There's a difference in the work I done, and the work
my boys now do ;
Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret
in the new ;
But somehow I think there was happiness crowded
into those toiling days,
That the fast young men of the present will not see
till they change their ways.

To think that I ever should live to see work done in
this wonderful way !
Old tools are of little service now, and farmin' is al-
most play ;
The women have got their sewin' - machines, their
wringers, and every sich thing,
And now play croquet in the dooryard, or sit in the
parlor and sing.

Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so
long gone by ;
You riz up early and sat up late a-toilin' for you and I ;

There were cows to milk; there was butter to make;
and many a day did you stand
A-washin' my toil-stained garments, and wringin' 'em
out by hand.

Ah! wife, our children will never see the hard work
we have seen,
For the heavy task and the long task is now done
with a machine!
No longer the noise of the scythe I hear, the mower
—there, hear it afar?
A-rattlin' along through the tall, stout grass with
the noise of a railroad car.

Well! the old tools now are shoved away; they stand
a-gatherin' rust,
Like many an old man I have seen put aside with
only a crust;
When the eyes grow dim, when the step is weak,
when the strength goes out of his arm,
The best thing a poor old man can do is to hold the
deed of the farm.

There is one old way that they can't improve, al-
though it has been tried
By men who have studied and studied, and worried
till they died;
It has shone undimmed for ages, like gold refined from
its dross:
It's the way to the Kingdom of Heaven, by the sim-
ple way of the Cross.

A LEGEND OF PAGANINI.

NICOLO PAGANINI strode with downcast eyes,
On the Ponente heights that rise above
Fair Genoa; where the sensuous earth and skies
Beguile the mind with languor and with love.
The deep blue waters of the harbor lay
Unruffled by a breeze that summer day.
The amphitheatre of hills that spread
In crescent curve around the lovely town,
Was tethered to the plain with bands of brown,
Roads that to Chiavari and Savona led.
But Paganini with his eyes downcast,
Being filled with mad and wild imaginings,
Lost in himself, was blind to outward things.
He held his violin, and thumbed its strings,
All heedless of the pretty maid who passed—
A gay *mezzaro*, wound with native grace
About her head—who with a pert grinace,
Mocked the musician's frown and tragic pace.

His elfish locks waved as he strode along;
His haggard features, pale and wan as death,
Were worn as if with brooding over wrong.
He labored up the steep with shortened breath,
And flung himself beneath an olive-tree,
Muttering in desperate misery—
“*Santa Madonna!* What avails my skill?
I!—when Ghiretti cannot teach me more
And I out-distance all who heretofore
Enraptured eye and ear with run and trill—

I touch no heart. This is to see the goal,
And at the threshold of success to die.
My violin!—the thing I deify!
Thou art mere beauty for thou hast no *soul*!
Diavolo! Would I could sell mine own,
It should be thine.” He clasped it with a groan,
And kissed its polished back, and swept the bow
Like lightning o’er its strings to realize Despair.

The red sun sank, the moon swung low,
Shivering the water of the bay below;
The fireflies flashed in zigzag streaks of light,
And yet he lay there far into the night;
Until aroused, at last, by frightened cries,
Of “Paganini! Messer Nicolo,
Where art thou? Come at once, thy *madre* dies!”
He rose, and staggered in a dazed surprise.
The urchin led him homeward, all the road,
Busy with telling of the woman’s woe,
Nor ceased until they reached where she abode,
And Nicolo was born so long ago.

He stood beside the bed, his violin
Grasped in his hand. The end drew on apace,
The death-dew stood upon the yellow skin,
A purple pallor overspread the face.
She rolled her hollow eyes upon her son
And strove to speak—the final word, maybe—
But Paganini fell upon his knee
And pressed the violin with cruel force
Down on her lips; and with excitement hoarse
Cried, “Mother, give your soul! your course is run,

Ecco mio! I am your Nicolo!
Your soul! Your soul, I say!" His mother smiled,
Moved her head violently to fro,
And murmuring "*Gesie!*" closed her eyes and died.

THE BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

THE Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?—
There is no breeze upon the fern,
Nor ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyry nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?

I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I feel the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero bound for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

Their light-arm'd archers far and near
Survey'd the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frown'd,
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crown'd.
No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
That shadow'd o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirr'd the roe;
The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its power to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is pass'd and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,

Before the Trosach's rugged jaws ;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.
At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!

Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,

The archery appear :

For life ! for life ! their plight they ply—

And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,

And plaids and bonnets waving high,

And broadswords flashing to the sky,

Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive, in dreadful race,

Pursuers and pursued ;

Before that tide of flight and chase

How shall it keep its rooted place,

The spearmen's twilight wood ?

“Down, down,” cried Mar, “your lances down !

Bear back both friend and foe !”

Like reeds before the tempest's frown

That serried grove of lances brown

At once lay levell'd low ;

And closely shouldering side to side,

The bristling ranks the onset bide.

“We'll quell the savage mountaineer,

As their tinchel crows the game !

They come as fleet as forest deer—

We'll drive them back as tame.”

Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan Alpine come.

Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurl'd them on the foe.

I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadswords' deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang;
But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan Alpine's flank—

“My banner-man, advance!

I see,” he cried, “their column shake.
Now, gallants, for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!”

The horsemen dashed among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.

Clan Alpine's best are backward borne—

Where, where was Roderick then?

One blast upon his bugle-horn

Were worth a thousand men.

And reflux through the pass of fear

The battle's tide was pour'd;

Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling spear,

Vanish'd the mountain-sword.

As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linu,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass:
None linger now upon the plain
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE.

OUR Father land! And would'st thou know
Why we should *call* it Father land?
It is that Adam, here below,
Was made of earth by Nature's hand,
And he, our father, made of earth,
Hath peopled earth on every hand;
And we in memory of his birth,
Do call our country "Father land."

At first, in Eden's bowers, they say,
No sound of speech had Adam caught,
But whistled like a bird, all day;
And maybe 'twas for want of thought:
But Nature, with resistless laws,
Made Adam soon surpass the birds;
She gave him lovely Eve, because—
If he'd a wife—they must have *words*.

And so, the NATIVE LAND I hold
By male descent, is, proudly, mine:

The LANGUAGE, as the tale hath told,
Was given in the female line.
And thus, we see, on either hand,
We name our blessings whence they've sprung ;
We call our country FATHER *land*,
We call our language MOTHER *tongue*.

ORATORY AND THE PRESS.

THE grand days of oratory are gone forever. It is not improbable that the teeming future may give birth to those whose resplendent genius will deservedly rank them among the immortals of the past. Certain it is that oratory can never be lost while liberty survives.

“Twin born with Freedom, then with her took breath,
That art whose dying will be Freedom's death.”

But for all this the glory, the pride, and the power of the orator have passed away. In classical commonwealths of old the aspirations of the patricians were for oratory or arms, and not a few, like Cæsar, excelled in both. The Senate convened or the people met in grand assembly to hear discussed the weighty questions affecting the welfare of the State. There the orator appeared. His whole brain and soul were bent on moving those whom he addressed—he had no thoughts beyond. If others disputed, it brought into play the highest flights of rival genius. Æschines, contesting with Demosthenes, called forth the “Oration on the Crown.” The orators then were the lead-

ers of the nation, the directors of public opinion, the controllers of legislation, the arbiters of peace or war. At home they were the idols of the people—abroad they were the guests of kings. They were the marked men of the world.

But in these latter days there has risen a power mightier than an army of orators; a power that has dwarfed their genius, destroyed their influence, and lowered them to the level of ordinary mortals; a power that can banish kings, destroy dynasties, revolutionize governments, embroil nations in triumphant or disastrous wars, and for good or ill is changing the aspect of the civilized world. The glory of the orator sank when the printing-press arose. The orator, at best, can speak to thousands; the press to hundreds of thousands. The orator speaks rarely; the press every day. The orator may, at the choicest moment, fail from ill-health or one of many causes; the press, free from all the ills that flesh is heir to, moves on its mission with all the facility, power, and precision of machinery. The orator may move an audience; the press can arouse a nation. The speech dies with the sounds that gave it birth; the press lives forever on the imperishable page. The orator *now* addresses himself less to the audience of the evening than to the world of readers of the next morning.

Let us hope that the press may be faithful, pure, devoted to truth, right, justice, freedom, and virtue, as the orators have been. The orators—let me repeat it to their immortal honor—could never be silenced by the frowns of power, or bribed to desert a noble cause. They dared, they defied tyranny, and preferred death

to dishonor. If the press gloat in licentiousness; if it stoop to strike the private man; if it expose to the public gaze the sacred privacy of homes; if it violate all decency in thrusting gentle woman to the gossips of the town; if it catch at idle rumor or envious tongues to malign the innocent; if it can be bribed to suppress the truth, or circulate the falsehood; if it shield the public wrong-doer, and denounce the faithful public servant; if it pander to the base passion of the populace—then we may grieve that this great engine should work such mischief to society.

If, on the other hand, its mission be to disseminate intelligence and truth, to educate the masses to be faithful to their country and just to their fellow-men, to expose with an unsparing hand to public execration the corrupt legislator or the unjust judge; if it be honestly independent instead of timidly neutral in all that concerns the city and State; if it lift up modest and true worth and hurl down brazen infamy; if all its aims be the public good, the honor of the nation, and the glory of God—*then* we may be well reconciled that the days of oratory are over.

“Loud as a scandal on the ears of town,
And just as brief the orator’s renown;
Year after year debaters blaze and fade,
Scarce mark’d the dial ere depart the shade;
Words die so soon when fit but to be said,
Words only live when worthy to be read.”

THE END.



